

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH,

CONTAINING:

HENRY THE SIXTH. PART II. AND III.
RICHARD THE THIRD.
HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CORIOLANUS.

THE
LIBRARY WORKS
OF
SIR JAMES MACKENZIE

PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR



THE
LIBRARY
OF
SIR JAMES MACKENZIE

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
SHAKSPEARE,

IN EIGHT VOLUMES;

THE LAST
CONTAINING
SELECT EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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VOLUME THE FIFTH.

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K I N G H E N R Y VI.

P A R T II.

Vol. V.

A

*. IN a note prefixed to the preceding play, I have briefly stated my opinion concerning the drama now before us, and that which follows it; to which the original editors of Shakspeare's works in folio have given the titles of *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.*

The Contention of the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster in two parts, was published in quarto, in 1600; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been written by some preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive, this and the following drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper. The method observed in the printing of these plays is as follows. All the lines printed in the usual manner, are found in the original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth noticing); and those, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which inverted commas are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and greatly improved by him; and those with astericks were his own original production; the embroidery with which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for the stage by some of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved, sometimes by amplification, and sometimes by retrenchment.

These two pieces, I imagine, were produced in their present form in 1591. Dr. Johnson observes very justly, that these two parts were not written without a *dependance* on the first. Undoubtedly not; the old play of *King Henry VI.* (or, as it is now called, *The first part*;) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that *The Contention of the two houses, etc.* in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*.
MALONE.

This and *The third part of King Henry VI.* contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses

KING HENRY VI.

3

of York and Lancaster. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign [A. D. 1445]; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Alban's, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign [1455]: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. THEOBALD.

This play was altered by Crowne, and acted in 1682. STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth:

Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great uncle to the king.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York:

Edward and Richard, his sons.

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Suffolk,

Duke of Buckingham,

Lord Clifford,

Young Clifford, his son.

} of the king's party.

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Warwick,

} of the York faction.

Lord Scales, Governour of the Tower. Lord Say.

Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his brother. Sir John Stanley.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

A Herald. Vaux.

Hume and Southwell, two priests.

Bolingbroke, a Conjuror. A spirit raised by him.

Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.

Jack Cade, a Rebel:

George, John, Dick, Smith, the Weaver, Michael, etc. his followers.

Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry.

Eleanor, Dutcheſs of Gloster.

Margery Jourdain, a Witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

SCENE, dispersedly in various parts of England.

SECOND PART
OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and Others, following.

Suf. AS by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours, —
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,

The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and
Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
bishops,

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:

And humbly now upon my bended knee,

In sight of England and her lordly peers,

Deliver up my title in the queen

To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-
stance

Of that great shadow I did represent;

The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,

The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, queen
Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love,

Than this kind kiss. — O Lord, that lends me
life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

'A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

*If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

'*Q. Mar.* Great king of England, and my gra-
cious lord;

'The mutual conference that my mind hath
had —

'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

'In courtly company, or at my beads, —

'With you mine alder-lefest sovereign,

'Makes me the bolder to salute my king

'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,

'And over-joy of heart doth minister.

'*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish: but her grace
in speech,

'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,

'Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping
joys;

'Such is the fulness of my heart's content. —

‘Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England’s happiness! [Flourish.]

O. Mar. We thank you all.

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king
Charles,

‘For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [reads.] *Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, — that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. — Item, That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father —*

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm’d mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, — *It is further agreed between them, — that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over to the king of England’s own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well. — Lord marquess,
kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. —

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,

Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd. —
 Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and
 Buckingham,
 Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
 We thank you all for this great favour done,
 In entertainment to my princely queen.
 Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
 To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
 state,

'To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
 'Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
 'What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 'His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
 'Did he so often lodge in open field,
 'In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
 'To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 'And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
 'To keep by policy what Henry got?
 'Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 'Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
 'Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 'Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
 'With all the learned council of the realm,
 'Study'd so long, sat in the council-house,
 'Early and late, debating to and fro
 'How France and Frenchmen might be kept in
 awe?
 'And hath his highness in his infancy
 'Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes;
 'And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
 'Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 'Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 'O peers of England, shameful is this league!
 'Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
 'Blotting your names from books of memory;
 'Razing the characters of your renown;

'Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;

'Undoing all, as all had never been!

'*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse

'This peroration with such circumstance?

'For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

* *Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

* But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

'Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine

* Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style

* Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

* *Sal.* Now, by the death of him that dy'd for all,

* These counties were the keys of Normandy:

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

'*War.* For grief that they are past recovery:

'For, were there hope to conquer them again,

'My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.

'Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;

'Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

'And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

'Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

'Mort Dieu!

* *York.* For Suffolk's duke -- may he be suffocate,

* That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

* France should have torn and rent my very heart,

* Before I would have yielded to this league.

'I never read but England's kings have had

'Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:

'And our king Henry gives away his own,

'To match with her that brings no vantages.

* *Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,

* That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
 * For costs and charges in transporting her!
 * She should have staid in France, and starv'd in
 France,

* Before —

* *Car.* My lord of Gloster, now you grow too
 hot;

* It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

* *Glo.* My lord of Winchester, I know your
 mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 'But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
 'Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
 'I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
 'We shall begin our ancient bickerings. —
 Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesy'd — France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:

* Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

* And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.

* Consider, lords, — he is the next of blood,

* And heir apparent to the English crown;

* Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

* And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

* There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

* Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

* Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.

'What though the common people favour him,

'Calling him — *Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;*

'Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
 voice —

'*Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*

'With — *God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*

'I fear me, lords, for all this flattering glois,

'He will be found a dangerous protector.

* *Buck.* Why should he then protect our sovereign,

* He being of age to govern of himself?

* Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

* And all together, — with the duke of Suffolk, —

* We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

* *Car.* This weighty business will not brook delay;

* I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

* *Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,

* And greatness of his place be grief to us,

* Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;

* His insolence is more intolerable

* Than all the princes in the land beside;

* If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,

* Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

* While these do labour for their own preferment,

* Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

* I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster

* Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

* Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal —

* More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,

* As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all, —

* Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

* Unlike the ruler of a common-weal. —

* Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!

* Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,

* Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

* Excepting none but good duke Humphrey. —

* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
pillage,
* And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
* Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
* While as the silly owner of the goods
* Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
* And shakes his head, and trembling stands
aloof,
* While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
* Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
* So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
* While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
* Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
Ireland,
* Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
* As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
* Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts,
And make a shew of love to proud duke Hum-
phrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down. [Exit.

S C E N E I I.

*The same. A Room in the duke of Gloster's
house.*

Enter GLOSTER and the Dutchess.

Dutch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd
corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
* Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his
brows,
* As frowning at the favours of the world?
* Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
* Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
'What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,'
* Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
* If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
* Until thy head be circled with the same.
'Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
'What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
* And, having both together heav'd it up,
* We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
* And never more abase our sight so low,
* As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.
'*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy
lord,
'Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

'And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 'Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 'Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
 'My troublous dream this night doth make me
 sad.

'Dutch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
 I'll requite it

'With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

'Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge
 in court,

'Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,

'But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

'And on the pieces of the broken wand

'Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,

'And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.

'This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

'Dutch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,

That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,

'Shall lose his head for his presumption.

'But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke: Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,

In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,

'And on my head did set the diadem.

'Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:

* Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!

Art thou not second woman in the realm;

And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?

* Hast thou not wordly pleasure at command,

* Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

* To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

* From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

'Dutch. What, what, my lord! are you so
cholerick

'With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?

'Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,

'And not be check'd.

'Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

'Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness'
pleasure,

'You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,

'Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

'Glo. I go. — Come, Nell, thou wilt ride
with us?

'Dutch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow pre-
sently.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.]

'Follow I must, I cannot go before,

* While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

* Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

* I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

* And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

* And, being a woman, I will not be slack

* To play my part in fortune's pageant.

'Where are you there! Sir John! nay, fear not,
man,

'We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

'Dutch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but
grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
advice,

'Your

'Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Dutch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

'*Hume.* This they have promised, — to shew your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

'That shall make answer to such questions,

'As by your grace shall be propounded him.

'*Dutch.* It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

'When from saint Albans we do make return,

'We'll see these things effected to the full.

'Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,

'With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Dutchess.*

**Hume.* Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;

'Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume?

'Seal up your lips, and give no words but — mum!

'The business asketh silent secrecy.

* Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:

* Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

'Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

'I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

'And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;

'Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

'They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

'Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,

'And buz these conjurations in her brain.

* They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;

* Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

* Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
* To call them both — a pair of crafty knaves.
* Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
* Hume's knavery will be the dutchefs' wreck;
* And her attainture will be Humpbrey's fall:
* Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

'1. Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord
'protector will come this way by and by, and
'then we may deliver our supplications in the
quill.

'2. Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's
'a good man! Jesu blefs him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.

*1. Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
*with him: I'll be the first, sure.

'2. Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of
'Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

'Suf. How now, fellow? would'st any thing
'with me?

'1. Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took
'ye for my lord protector.

'Q. Mar. [reading the superscription.] To my
'lord protector! are your supplications to his lord-
'ship? Let me see them: What is thine?

'1. Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against
'John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for
'keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all,
'from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed. — What's your's? — What's here! [*reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.* — How now, sir knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

'*Q. Mar.* What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

'*Peter.* That my master was! No, forsooth: 'my master said, That he was; and that the king 'was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*] — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: — we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with PETER.*]

'*Q. Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected

'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
'Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*tears the petitions.*]

'Away, base cullions! — Suffolk, let them go.

**All.* Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

**Q. Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

*Is this the fashion in the court of England?

*Is this the government of Britain's isle,

*And this the royalty of Albion's king?

*What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,

*Under the surly Gloster's governance?

*Am I a queen in title and in style,

*And must be made a subject to a duke?

'I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

'Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

'And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

- 'I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
 'In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 'But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 *To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
 *His champions are — the prophets, and apostles;
 *His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
 *His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 *Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 *I would, the college of the cardinals
 *Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
 *And set the triple crown upon his head;
 *That were a state fit for his holiness.
 'Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
 'Your highness came to England, so will I
 'In England work your grace's full content.
 *Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we Beaufort,
 *The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
 *And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
 *But can do more in England than the king.
 *Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
 *Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
 *Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
 'Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
 'As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
 'She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 'More like an empress, than duke Humphrey's wife;
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
 *She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 *And in her heart she scorns our poverty;

* Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 * Contemtuons base-born callat as she is,
 ' She vaunted 'mongst her minions th'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing-gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 * Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his
 daughter.

' *Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for
 her;

* And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 * That she will light to listen to the lays,
 * And never mount to trouble you again.
 * So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
 * For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 * Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 * Yet must we join with him, and with the
 lords,
 * Till we have brought duke Humphrey in dis-
 grace.
 * As for the duke of York, -- this late com-
 plaint
 * Will make but little for his benefit:
 * So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 * And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Enter King HENRY, York and SOMERSET convers-
 ing with him; Duke and Dutcheſs of GLOSTER,
 Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALIS-
 BURY, and WARWICK.*

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not
 which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in
 France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea,
or no,

Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters
speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the
field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters,
Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of
all.

* *Sal.* Peace, son; — and shew some reason,
Buckingham,

* Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

* *Q. Mar.* Because the king, forsooth, will
have it so.

' *Glo.* Madam, the king is old enough himself
' To give his censure: these are no women's
matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs
your grace

' To be protector of his excellence?

' *Glo.* Madam, I am protector of the realm;

' And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

' *Suf.* Resign it then, and leave thine inso-
lence.

' Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but
thou?)

' The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:

* The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

* And all the peers and nobles of the realm

* Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

* *Car.* The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags

* Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

* *Som.* Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy
wife's attire,

* Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

* *Buck.* Thy cruelty in execution,
 * Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
 * And left thee to the mercy of the law.

* *Q. Mar.* Thy sale of offices, and towns in
 France, —

* If they were known, as the suspect is great, —
 * Would make thee quickly hop without thy
 head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The Queen drops her fan.*

* Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
 [*gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*

* I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

* *Dutch.* Was't I? yea, I it was, proud
 Frenchwoman:

* Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against
 her will.

* *Dutch.* Against her will! Good king, look
 to't in time;

* She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a
 baby;

* Though in this place most master wear no
 breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit Dutchess.*

* *Buck.* Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

* And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

* She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,

* She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

* *Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-
 blown

* With walking once about the quadrangle,

* I come to talk of commonwealth-affairs.

* As for your spiteful false objections,
 * Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
 * But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
 * As I in duty love my king and country!
 * But, to the matter that we have in hand: —
 * I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
 * To be your regent in the realm of France.

* *Suf.* Before we make election, give me leave
 'To shew some reason of no little force,
 'That York is most unmeet of any man.

'*York.* I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

'First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
 * Next, if I be appointed for the place,
 * My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
 * Without discharge, money, or furniture,
 * Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
 * Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
 * Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

* *War.* That I can witness; and a fouler fact
 * Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:

Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

* *York.* Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

* *K. Hen.* What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me: What are these?

'*Suf.* Please it your majesty, this is the man
 'That doth accuse his master of high treason:

‘His words were these: — that Richard, duke of York,

‘Was rightful heir unto the English crown;

‘And that your majesty was an usurper.

‘*K. Hen.* Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An’t shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus’d by the villain.

‘*Pet.* By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up his hands.*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York’s armour.

**York.* Base dunghill-villain, and mechanical,
*I’ll have thy head for this thy traitor’s speech: —

‘I do beseech your royal majesty,

‘Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain’s accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

‘*Glo.* This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

‘Let Somerset be regent o’er the French,

‘Because in York this breeds suspicion:

‘And let these have a day appointed them

‘For single combat, in convenient place;

‘For he hath witness of his servant’s malice:

‘This is the law, and this duke Humphrey’s doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

‘*Pet.* Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; *for God’s sake, pity my case! the spight of man prevaieth

* against me. O Lord, have mercy vpon me! I
 * shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord,
 * my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be
 hang'd.

* *K. Hen.* Away with them to prison: and
 the day

'Of combat shall be the last of the next
 month. —

* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and
 BOLINGBROKE.*

* *Hume.* Come, my masters; the dutcheffs, I
 * tell you, expects performance of your promises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore pro-
 * vided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our
 * exorcisms?

* *Hume.* Ay; What else? Fear you not her
 * courage.

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be a wo-
 * man of an invincible spirit: But it shall be con-
 * venient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft,
 * while we be busy below; and so, I pray you,
 * go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*]

* Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel
 * on the earth: — * John Southwell, read you;
 * and let us to our work.

Enter Dutcheffs, above.

* *Dutch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome
 * all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
 'The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
 'The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,

'And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

'That time best fits the work we have in hand.

'Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,

'We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads, Conjuro te, etc. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the spirit riseth.*

* *Spir.* Adsum.

* *M. Jourd.* Asmath,

* By the eternal God, whose name and power

* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt: — That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become? [*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
 Than where castles mounted stand.

'Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

'False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.]

Enter YORK, and BUCKINGHAM, hastily, with their guards, and others.

'York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

'Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch. —

'What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

'Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

'My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

'See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

** Dutch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

** Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.*

** Buck.* True, madam, none at all. What call you this? *[Shewing her the papers.]*

'Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,

'And kept asunder: — You, madam, shall with us: —

'Stafford, take her to thee. —

[Exit Dutchess from above.]

'We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;

'All. — Away!

[Exeunt guards, with SOUTH. BOLING. etc.]

** York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

** A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!*

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[Reads.]

*The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.*

** Why, this is just.*

** Aio te, Acacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By Water shall he die, and take his end. —

What shall betide the duke of Somerset? —

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

** Come, come, my lords;*

** These oracles are hardily attain'd,*

** And hardly understood.*

*'The king is now in progress towards saint
Albans;*

'With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

*'Thither go these news, — as fast as horse can
carry them;*

'A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

*'Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my
lord of York,*

'To be the post, in hope of his reward.

'York. At your pleasure, my good lord. —

'Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

'Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,

'To sup with me to-morrow night. — Away!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with falconers hollaing.

'Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

*'I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
'Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.*

'K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

*'And what a pitch she flew above the rest! —
'To see how God in all his creatures works!*

**Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.*

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,

**And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.*

'Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

'Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

'Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; How think you by that?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

**K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

'Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

*'Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,*

That smooth'st it so with king and common-
weal!

'Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood
grown peremptory?

* *Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?*

'Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such
malice;

'With such holiness can you do it?

'Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-
comes

'So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine in-
solence.

O. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious
peers,

For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come
to that! [Aside to the Cardinal.

'Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [Aside.

'Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the
matter,

'In thine own person answer thy abuse. [Aside.

'Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if
thou dar'st,

'This evening, on the east-side of the grove.

[Aside.

'K. Hen. How now, my lords?

'Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,

'Had not your man put up the fowl so sud-
denly,

'We had had more sport. — Come with thy two-hand sword. [Aside to GLO.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd? — the east-side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [Aside.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

'Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. —

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,

* Or all my fence shall fail. [Aside.

* Car. *Medice teipsum*; [Aside.

'Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

[Aside.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

* How irksome is this musick to my heart!

* When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

* I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter an Inhabitant of Saint Albans, crying,
A Miracle!*

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

'K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls

'Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren;
and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a
chair; his wife and a great multitude following.*

* *Car.* Here come the townsmen on procession,

* *To present your highness with the man.*

* *K. Hen.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

* *Although by his sight his sin be multiply'd.*

* *Glo.* Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,

* *His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.*

* *K. Hen.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

* *That we for thee may glorify the Lord.*

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

* *K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

* *Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,*

* *But still remember what the Lord hath done.*

* *Q. Mar.* Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

* *Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?*

* *Simp.* God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

* *A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep*

* *By good saint Alban; who said, — Simpcox, come;*

'Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

* *Wife.* Most true, forsooth; and many time
and oft

* *Myself* have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a
youth.

* *Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing
very dear.

* *Glo.* 'Mafs, thou lov'dst plums well, that
would'st venture so.

'*Simp.* Alas, good master, my wife desir'd
some damsons,

'And made me climb, with danger of my life.

* *Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not
serve. —

'Let me see thine eyes: — wink now; — now
open them: —

'In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

'*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,
and saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this
cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is
my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour
jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day,
a many.

* *Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his
life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,
master.

Glo. Then Saunder, sit there, the lyingest
knave

In Christendom. If thou had'st been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our
names,

As thus to name the several colours we
Do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours;
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible. —

My lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be
great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of saint Albans, have you not
beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither
straight. [Exit an Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.
[A stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean
to save yourself from whipping, leap me over
this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. — Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A Miracle!]

* *K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

* *Q. Mar.* It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

* *Glo.* Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

* *Wife.* Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town till they come to Berwick, whence they came. *[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, etc.]*

* *Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

* *Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

* *Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;
 'You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

* *K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

'A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, —
'Under the countenance and confederacy
'Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
'The ring-leader and head of all this rout, —
'Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
'Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
'Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
'Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
'Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
'And other of your highness' privy council,
'As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means

'Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.

'This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour. *[Aside to GLO.]*

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

*Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:

*And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

*Or to the meanest groom.

**K. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;

*Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

**Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;

*And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,

'How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal:

'And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

'Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

'Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
 'Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
 'As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 'I banish her, my bed, and company;
 'And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
 'That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
 K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose
 us here;
 'To-morrow, toward London, back again,
 'To look into this business thoroughly,
 'And call these foul offenders to their answers;
 'And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
 'Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
 prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

'York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and
 Warwick,
 'Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
 'In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
 'In craving your opinion of my title,
 'Which is infallible, to England's crown.
 **Sal.* My lord, I long to hear it at full.
 War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim
 be good,
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
 York. Then thus: —
 'Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
 'The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of
 Wales;
 'The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
 'Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

‘Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
 ‘The fifth, was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
 ‘The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke
 of Gloster;

‘William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
 ‘Edward, the Black Prince, dy’d before his
 father;

‘And left behind him Richard, his only son.
 ‘Who, after Edward the Third’s death, reign’d
 as king;

‘Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
 ‘The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
 ‘Crown’d by the name of Henry the Fourth,
 ‘Seiz’d on the realm; depos’d the rightful king;
 ‘Sent his poor queen to France, from whence
 she came,

‘And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
 ‘Harmless Richard was murder’d traiterously.

* *War.* Father, the duke hath told the truth;

* Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

* *York.* Which now they hold by force, and
 not by right;

* For Richard, the first son’s heir, being dead,

* The issue of the next son should have reign’d.

* *Sal.* But William of Hatfield dy’d without
 an heir.

* *York.* The third son, duke of Clarence, (from
 whose line

* I claim the crown,) had issue — Philippe, a
 daughter,

* Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.

* Edmund had issue — Roger, earl of March:

* Roger had issue — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

* *Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

‘As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

‘And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,

‘Who kept him in captivity, till he died.

* But, to the rest.

'York. His eldest sister, Anne,
'My mother, being heir unto the crown,
'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
son

'To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
son.

'By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
'To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
'Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
'Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
'So, if the issue of the elder son
'Succeed before the younger, I am king.

'War. What plain proceedings are more plain
than this?

'Henry doth claim the crown from John of
Gaunt,

'The fourth son; York claims it from the third.

'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

'It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,

'And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. —

'Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;

'And, in this private plot, be we the first,

'That shall salute our rightful sovereign

'With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-
land's king!

'York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king

'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be
stain'd

'With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:

* And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;

* But with advice, and silent secrecy.

* Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,

* Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,

* At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

* At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

* Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,

- * That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
- * 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
- * Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

* *Sal.* My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

* *War.* My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick

' Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

* *York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure myself, —

' Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick

' The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Hall of justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Dutchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

* *K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster's wife:

' In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;

' Receive the sentence of the law, for sins

' Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death. —

* You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*to Jourd. etc.*]

* From thence, unto the place of execution:

* The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,

* And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows. —

' You, madam, for you are more nobly born,

[*to the Dutchess.*]

' Despoiled of your honour in your life,

' Shall, after three days open penance done,

‘Live in your country here, in banishment,
 ‘With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

‘*Dutch.* Welcome is banishment, welcome
 were my death.

**Glo.* Eleanor, the law, - thou seest's hath
 judged thee;

*I cannot justify whom the law condemns. —
 [*Exeunt the Dutchess, and the other
 Prisoners, guarded.*]

‘Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 ‘Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
 ‘Will bring thy head with sorrow to the
 ground! —

‘I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
 ‘Sorrow would solace, and mine age would
 ease.

‘*K. Hen.* Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster:
 ere thou go,

‘Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
 ‘Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
 ‘My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
 ‘And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
 ‘Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

**Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of
 years

*Should be to be protected like a child. —
 ‘God and king Henry govern England's realm:
 ‘Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

‘*Glo.* My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my
 staff:

‘As willingly do I the same resign,
 ‘As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 ‘Farewel, good king: When I am dead and
 gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit.*]

- * *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
* And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
* That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once, —
* His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
* This staff of honour raught: — 'There let it stand,
'Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.
* *Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
* Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
'*York.* Lords, let him go. — Please it your majesty,
'This is the day appointed for the combat;
'And ready are the appellant and defendant,
'The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
'So please your highness to behold the fight.
* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
* Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.
'*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
'Here let them end it, and God defend the right!
* *York.* I never saw a fellow worse bested,
* Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
* The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him; at the other side, PETER, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.

I. Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. *Neighb.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3. *Neighb.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; And a fig for Peter!

1. *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Pet. I thank you all: *drink, and pray for me, *I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last *draught in this world.* — Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: — and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. — O Lord, blefs me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

Pet. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Pet. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: *and touching the *duke of York, — will take my death, I never *meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; *And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

* *York.* Dispatch: — this knave's tongue begins to double.

* Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and Peter strikes down his master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess
treason. [Dies.

* *York.* Take away his weapon: — Fellow,
* thank God, and the good wine in thy master's
* way.

* *Pet.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies
‘in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed
‘in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our
sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong-
fully. —

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day
— a cloud;

* And, after summer, evermore succeeds

* Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

* So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. —

Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

* *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
‘To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess:
‘Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
‘To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,

With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the
streets.

* But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare

* My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a sheriff, and officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

'*Glo.* No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by.

Dutch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou do'st penance too. Look, how they gaze!

'See, how the giddy multitude do point,

'And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

'Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;

'And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Dutch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:

For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

'Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;

* And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

* To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint dot cut my tender feet;

And, when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.

'Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

*Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;

*Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?

*No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

*To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land;

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutcheſs,

'Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk, — he that can do all in all

'With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all, —

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all limb'd bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

*But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

*Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;

*I must offend, before I be attainted:

*And had I twenty times so many foes,

*And each of them had twenty times their power,

*All these could not procure me any scathe,

*So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

'Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

'Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

'But I in danger for the breach of law.

'Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:

'I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
'These few days' wonder will be quickly worn:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. — Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave: — and, master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

'*Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

'And sir John Stanley is appointed now

'To take her with him to the isle of Man.

'*Glo.* Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

'*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Dutch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

'*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

'*Dutch.* Art thou gone too? *All comfort go with thee!

*For none abides with me: my joy is — death;

*Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
*Because

*Because I wish'd this world's eternity. —

'Stanley, I prythee, go, and take me hence;

'I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

'Only convey me where thou art commanded.

**Stan.* Why, madam, that is to the isle of
Man;

*There to be us'd according to your state.

**Duth.* That's bad enough, for I am but re-
proach:

*And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

**Stan.* Like to a dutchess, and duke Hum-
phrey's lady,

*According to that state you shall be us'd.

'*Dutch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I
fare;

'Although thou hast been conduct of my
shame!

'*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon
me.

'*Dutch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is dis-
charg'd. —

'Come, Stanley, shall we go?

'*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off
this sheet,

'And go we to attire you for our journey.

'*Dutch.* My shame will not be shifted with
my sheet:

*No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

*And shew itself, attire me how I can.

*Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and Others.

'K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
'Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

'Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe

'The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

'With what a majesty he bears himself;

'How insolent of late he is become,

'How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

'We know the time, since he was mild and affable;

'And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

'Immediately he was upon his knee,

'That all the court admir'd him for submission:

'But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

'When every one will give the time of day,

'He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,

'And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

'Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

'Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;

'But great men tremble, when the lion roars;

'And Humphrey is no little man in England.

'First, note, that he is near you in descent;

‘And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.

‘Me seemeth then, it is no policy, —

‘Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

‘And his advantage following your decease, —

‘That he should come about your royal person,

‘Or be admitted to your highness’ council.

‘By flattery hath he won the commons’ hearts;

‘And, when he please to make commotion,

‘Tis to be fear’d, they all will follow him.

‘Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;

‘Suffer them now, and they’ll o’er-grow the garden,

‘And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

‘The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,

‘Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

‘If it be fond, call it a woman’s fear;

‘Which fear if better reasons can supplant,

‘I will subscribe, and say — I wrong’d the duke.

‘My lord of Suffolk, — Buckingham, — and York, —

‘Reprove my allegation, if you can;

‘Or else conclude my words effectual.

‘Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;

‘And, had I first been put to speak my mind, I think, I should have told your grace’s tale.

* The dutchess, by his subornation,

* Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

* Or if he were not privy to those faults,

* Yet, by reputing of his high descent,

* (As next the king, he was successive heir)

* And such high vaunts of his nobility,

* Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,

* By wicked means to frame our sovereign’s fall.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;

* And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

* *Car.* Did he not, contrary to form of law,
* Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
* Levy great sums of money through the realm,
* For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
* By means whereof, the towns each day re-
volved.

* *Buck.* Tut! these are petty faults to faults
unknown,
* Which time will bring to light in smooth duke
Humphrey.

* *K. Hen.* My lords, at once: The care you
have of us,
* To mow down thorns that would annoy our
foot,
* Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my con-
science?

* Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
* From meaning treason to our royal person,
* As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
* The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well
given.

* To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah, what's more dangerous than
this fond affiance!

* Seems he a dove? his feathers are but bor-
row'd,

* For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

* Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,

* For he's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.

* Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?

*Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
*Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

**Som.* All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news
from France?

**Som.* That all your interest in those territories

*Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's
will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of
France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

*Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

*And caterpillars eat my leaves away:

*But I will remedy this gear ere long,

*Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

**Glo.* All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

**Suf.* Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come
too soon,

*Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see
me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

*A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

*The purest spring is not so free from mud,

*As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof, his highness hath lost
France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they,
that think it!

'I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
'Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
'So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
'Ay, night by night, — in studying good for
England!
'That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
'Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
'Be brought against me at my trial day!
'No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
'Because I would not tax the needy commons,
'Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
'And never ask'd for restitution.

**Car.* It serves you well, my lord, to say so
much.

**Glo.* I say no more than truth, so help me
God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I
was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;

*For I should melt at an offender's tears,

*And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

'Unless it were a bloody murderer,

'(Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor pas-
sengers,

'I never gave them condign punishment:

'Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd

'Above the felon, or what trespass else.

'*Suf.* My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer'd:

'But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

‘Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

‘I do arrest you in his highness’ name;

‘And here commit you to my lord cardinal

‘To keep, until your further time of trial.

‘*K. Hen.* My lord of Gloster, ’tis my special hope,

‘That you will clear yourself from all suspects;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!

*Virtue is chok’d with foul ambition,

*And charity chas’d hence by rancour’s hand;

*Foul subornation is predominant,

*And equity exil’d your highness’ land.

*I know, their complot is to have my life;

‘And, if my death might make this island happy,

‘And prove the period of their tyranny,

‘I would expend it with all willingness:

‘But mine is made the prologue to their play;

‘For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

‘Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

‘Beaufort’s red sparkling eyes blab his heart’s malice,

‘And Suffolk’s cloudy brow his stormy hate;

‘Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

‘The envious load that lies upon his heart;

‘And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,

‘Whose over-weening arm I have pluck’d back,

‘By false accuse doth level at my life: —

‘And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

‘Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;

*And, with your best endeavour, have stirr’d up

*My liefest liege to be mine enemy: —

*Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,

*Myself had notice of your conventicles,

*And all to make away my guiltless life:

‘I shall not want false witness to condemn me,

'Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
'The ancient proverb will be well effected, —
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:

* If those, that care to keep your royal person
* From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
* Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
* And the offender granted scope of speech,
* 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
here,

'With ignominious words, though clerkly
conch'd,

'As if she had suborned some to swear
'False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

'*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to
chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, in-
deed; —

'Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me
false! —

* And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here
all day: —

'Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

'*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his
crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

'Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

'And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee
first.

'Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

'For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

* Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;

* My body round engirt with misery;

* For what's more miserable than discontent? —

* Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

* The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;

* And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,

* That e'er I prov'd thee false, or feard thy faith.

* What lowring star now envies thy estate,

* That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

* Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

* Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:

* And as the butcher takes away the calf,

* And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

* Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;

* Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.

* And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

* Looking the way her harmless young one went,

* And can do nought but wail her darling's loss:

* Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,

* With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes

* Look after him, and cannot do him good;

* So mighty are his vowed enemies.

* His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

* Say — *Who's a traitor; Gloster he is none.*

[Exit.

* *Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

* Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,

* Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's shew
 * Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 * With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 * Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
 * With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
 child,

* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
 * Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
 * (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good,)
 * This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
 * To rid us from the fear we have of him.

* *Car.* That he should die, is worthy policy;
 * But yet we want a colour for his death:
 * 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

* *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
 * The king will labour still to save his life,
 * The commons haply rise to save his life;
 * And we yet have but trivial argument,
 * More than mistrust, that shews him worthy
 death.

* *York.* So that, by this, you would not have
 him die.

* *Suf.* Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

* *York.* 'Tis York that hath more reason for
 his death. —

* But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of
 Suffolk, —

* Say as you think, and speak it from your
 souls, —

* Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set

* To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

* As place duke Humphrey for the king's pro-
 tector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure
 of death.

* *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not mad-
 ness then,

* To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

* Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
* His guilt should be but idly posted over,
* Because his purpose is not executed.
* No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
* By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
* Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
* As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
* And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay
him:

* Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
* Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
* So he be dead; for that is good deceit
* Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

* *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffoik, 'tis resolutely spoke.

* *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were done;

* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

* But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue, —

* Seeing the deed is meritorious,

* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —

* Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

* *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,

* Ere you can take due orders for a priest:

* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,

* And I'll provide his executioner,

* I tender so the safety of my liege.

* *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

* *Q. Mar.* And so say I.

* *York.* And I: and now we three have spoke it,

* It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

* Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's shew
 * Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 * With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 * Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
 * With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
 child,

* That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
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* *Q. Mar.* So the poor chicken should be sure
 of death.

* *Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not mad-
 ness then,

* 'To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

'Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
'His guilt should be but idly posted over,
'Because his purpose is not executed.
'No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
'By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
'Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
'As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
'And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay
him:

'Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
'Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
'So he be dead; for that is good deceit
'Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

* *Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffoik, 'tis resolutely
spoke.

* *Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were
done;

* For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

* But, that my heart accordeth with my
tongue, —

* Seeing the deed is meritorious,

* And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —

* Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

* *Car.* But I would have him dead, my lord
of Suffolk,

* Ere you can take due orders for a priest:

* Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,

* And I'll provide his executioner,

* I tender so the safety of my liege.

* *Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing.

* *Q. Mar.* And so say I.

* *York.* And I: and now we three have
spoke it,

* It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

'Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
amain,

'To signify — that rebels there are up,

'And put the Englishmen unto the sword:

**Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,*

**Before the wound do grow uncurable;*

**For, being green, there is great hope of help.*

**Car.* A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!

'What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

'York. That Somerset be sent as regent
thither:

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;

'Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

'Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,

'Had been the regent there instead of me,

'He never would have staid in France so long.

'York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done:

'I rather would have lost my life betimes,

**Than bring a burden of dishonour home,*

**By staying there so long, till all were lost.*

**Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:*

**Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom
win.*

**Q. Mar.* Nay then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

**If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with: —*

**No more, good York; — sweet Somerset, be
still; —*

**Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent
there,*

**Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.*

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a
shame take all!

'Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest
shame!

'Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

'The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
'And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
'To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
'Collected choicely, from each county some,
'And try your hap against the Irishmen?

*York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

*Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;

*And, what we do establish, he confirms:

*Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

'York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,

'Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

'Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

'But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

'Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,

'That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.

'And so break off; the day is almost spent:

'Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

'York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

'At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

'For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

'Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[Exeunt all but York.]

'York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

'And change misdoubt to resolution:

*Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art

*Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:

*Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,

- * And find no harbour in a royal heart.
- * Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
on thought;
- * And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
- * My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
- * Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
- * Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
- * To send me packing with an host of men:
- * I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
- * Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.
- * 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
- * I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
- * You put sharp weapons in a mad man's hands.
- * Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
- * I will stir up in England some black storm,
- * Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or
hell:
- * And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
- * Untill the golden circuit on my head,
- * Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
- * Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
- * And, for a minister of my intent,
- * I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
- * John Cade of Ashford,
- * To make commotion, as full well he can,
- * Under the title of John Mortimer.
- * In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
- * Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
- * And fought so long, till that his thighs with
darts
- * Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
- * And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
- * Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
- * Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
- * Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
- * Hath he conversed with the enemy;
- * And undiscover'd come to me again,

* And given me notice of their villainies.
* This devil here shall be my substitute;
* For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
* In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble:
' By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
' How they affect the house and claim of York.
' Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
' I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
' Will make him say — I mov'd him to those
 arms.
' Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
' Why, then from Ireland come I with my
 strength,
' And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
' For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
' And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

* I. Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him
 know,
* We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
* 2. Mur. O, that it were to do! — What have
 we done?
* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

' I. Mur. Here comes my lord.
' Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
' I. Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
' Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to
 my house;

- 'I will reward you for this venturous deed.
 'The king and all the peers are here at hand: —
 'Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 'According as I gave directions?
 'I. Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
 'Suf. Away, be gone! [Exeunt Murderers.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal
BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and Others.

- 'K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence
 straight:
 'Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 'If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
 'Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
 [Exit.

- 'K. Hen. Lords, take your places; — And, I
 pray you all,
 'Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 'Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
 'He be approv'd in practice culpable.
 * Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should pre-
 vail,
 * That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 * Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
 * K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words
 content me much. —

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

- 'How now? why look'st thou pale? why trem-
 blest thou?
 'Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suf-
 folk?
 Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is
 dead.
 * Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

* Car.

* *Car.* God's secret judgment: — I did dream
to-night.

* The duke was dumb, and could not speak a
word. [*The king swoons.*]

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my lord? — Help, lords!
the king is dead.

* *Som.* Rear up his body; wring him by the
nose.

* *Q. Mar.* Run, go, help, help! — O, Henry,
ope thine eyes!

* *Suf.* He doth revive again; — Madam, be
patient.

* *K. Hen.* O heavenly God!

* *Q. Mar.* How fares my gracious lord!

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
comfort!

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk com-
fort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,

* Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

* By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

* Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

* Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

* Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;

* Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

* Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

* Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

* Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-
ing: —

* Yet do not go away; — Come, basilisk,

* And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:

* For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

* In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk
thus?

* Although the duke was enemy to him,

- * Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death :
- * And for myself, — foe as he was to me,
- * Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
- * O: blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
- * I would be blind with weeping, sick with
groans,
- * Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking
sighs,
- * And all to have the noble duke alive.
- ‘What know I how the world may deem of me?
- ‘For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
- ‘It may be judg’d, I made the duke away:
- * So shall my name with slander’s tongue be
wounded,
- * And princes’ courts be fill’d with my reproach.
- * This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
- * To be a queen, and crown’d with infamy!

‘*K. Hen.* Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

- * What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 - * Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 - * Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster’s tomb?
 - * Why, then dame Margaret was ne’er thy joy:
 - * Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 - * And make my image but an ale-house sign.
- Was I, for this, nigh wreck’d upon the sea;
‘And twice by aukward wind from England’s
bank
- ‘Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
Did seem to say, — Seek not a scorpion’s nest,
* Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
* What did I then, but curs’d the gentle gusts,

- * And he that loos'd them from their brazen
caves;
- * And bid them blow towards England's blessed
shore,
- * Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
- * Yet Aeolus would not be a murderer,
- * But left that hateful office unto thee:
- * The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
- * Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd
on shore
- * With tears as salt as sea through thy unkind-
ness:
- * The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
- * And would not dash me with their ragged
sides;
- * Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
- * Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
- * As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
- * When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
- * I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
- * And when the dusky sky began to rob
- * My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
- * I took a costly jewel from my neck, —
- * A heart it was, bound in with diamonds, —
- * And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd
it;
- * And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
- * And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
- * And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
- * And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
- * For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
- * How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
- * (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
- * To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
- * When he to madding Dido, would unfold
- * His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
- * Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false
like him?

* Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!

* For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, and SALISBURY.
The Commons press to the door.

'War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
'That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd

'By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
'The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
'That want their leader, scatter up and down,
'And care not who they sting in his revenge.
'Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
'Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis
too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:

'Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
'And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege: — Stay,
Salisbury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[Warwick goes into an inner room, and
Salisbury retires.

*K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay
my thoughts;

* My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,

* Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life!

* If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;

* For judgment only doth belong to thee!

* Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips

* With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain

* Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;

* To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

* And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:

* But all in vain are these mean obsequies;

- * And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
- * What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*The folding doors of an inner chamber are opened,
and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed:
WARWICK and Others standing by it.*

* *War.* Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
this body.

* *K. Hen.* That is to see how deep my grave
is made:

- * For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
- * For seeing him, I see my life in death.

* *War.* As surely as my soul intends to live
'With that dread King, that took our state upon
him

- 'To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
- 'I do believe that violent hands were laid
'Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue!

'What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

* *War.* See, how the blood is settled in his
face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
'Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
'Being all descended to the labouring heart;
'Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
'Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
'Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er re-
turneth

- 'To blush and beautify the cheek again.
- 'But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
- 'His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
- 'Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
- 'His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling;
- 'His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

'And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-
du'd.

'Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is stick-
ing;

'His well proportion'd beard made rough and
rugged,

'Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

'It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;

'The least of all these signs were probable.

'*Suf.* Why, Warwick, who should do the
duke to death?

'Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;

'And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

'*War.* But both of you were vow'd duke
Humphrey's foes;

'And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;

'And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

'*Q. Mar.* Then you, belike, suspect these
noblemen

'As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding
fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaugh-
ter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

'*Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's
your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping
men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,

That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—

Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Som. and Others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

'*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say — it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
 * And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

* *K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than a
 heart untainted?

* Thrice is he arm'd, that bath his quarrel just;

* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
 weapons drawn.*

* *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords? your wrath-
 ful weapons drawn

, Here in our presence? dare you be so bold? —

* Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men
 of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign-

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know
 your mind. —

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
 Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
 Or banished fair England's territories,

* They will by violence tear him from your pa-
 lace,

* And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey
 died;

* They say, in him they fear your highness'
 death;

* And mere instinct of love, and loyalty, —

* Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

‘As being thought to contradict your liking, —
 ‘Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
 * They say, in care of your most royal person,
 * That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
 * And charge — that no man should disturb your
 rest,

* In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
 * Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
 * Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 * That slyly glided towards your majesty,
 * It were but necessary you were wak’d;
 * Lest, being suffer’d in that harmful slumber,
 * The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
 * And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 * That they will guard you, wher you will, or
 no,

* From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
 * With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 * Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 * They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [within.] An answer from the king,
 my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. ‘Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish’d
 hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign:
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ’d,
 To shew how quaint an orator you are:
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is — that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [within.] An answer from the king,
 or we will all break in.

‘K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from
 me,

‘I thank them for their tender loving care:
 ‘And had I not been ‘cited so by them,
 ‘Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
 ‘For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy

'Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 'And therefore, — by his majesty I swear,
 'Whose far unworthy deputy I am, —
 'He shall not breache infection in this air
 'But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[Exit SALISBURY.]

'Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

'K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

'No, more. I say; if thou dost plead for him,
 'Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 'Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
 'But, when I swear, it is irrevocable: —
 * If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
 * On any ground that I am ruler of,
 * The world shall not be ransom for thy life. —
 'Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

'I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, etc.]

'Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!

'Heart's discontent; and sour affliction,
 'Be play-fellows to keep you company!
 'There's two of you; the devil make a third!
 'And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!
 * Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 * And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

'Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

'Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 'I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 * As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

'With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
 taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their musick, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
 And boding scritch-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

* And these dread curses — like the sun 'gainst
 glafs,

* Or like an over-charged gun, — recoil,

* And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
 leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grafs grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

* *Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give
 me thy hand,

* That I may dew it with my mournful tears;

* Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

* To wash away my woeful monuments.

* O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[kisses his hand.]

* That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,

* Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
for thee!

'So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

* As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

'I will repeal thee, or, be well a sur'd,

'Adventure to be banished myself:

* And banished I am, if but from thee.

* Go, speak not to me; even now be gone. —

* O, go not yet! — Even thus two friends condemn'd

* Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand
leaves,

* Lothar a hundred times to part than die.

* Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

* 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

* A wilderness is populous enough,

* So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

* For where thou art, there is the world itself,

* With every several pleasure in the world;

* And where thou art not, desolation.

* I can no more: — Live thou to joy thy life;

* Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

* *Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what
news, I prythee?

* *Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:

'For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

'That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the
air,

'Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

'Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost

'Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

*The secrets of his over-charged soul:

*And I am sent to tell his majesty,

*That even now he cries aloud for him.

**Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the
king. [Exit VAUX.]

*Ah me! what is this world? what news are
these?

*But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,

*Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

*Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

*And with the southern clouds contend in tears;

*Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sor-
rows?

*Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st,
is coming;

*If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

**Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

*And in thy sight to die, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

*As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,

Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

*And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

*To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

*So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

*Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die, were torture more than death:

*O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

**Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful
corrosive,

*It is applied to a deathful wound.

*To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from
thee;

*For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

S C E N E III.

London. *Cardinal Beaufort's Bed-chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Others.
The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort,
to thy sovereign.

' *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee Eng-
land's treasure,

' Enough to purchase such another island,

' So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

* When death's approach is seen so terrible!

* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to
thee.

* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.

' Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

' Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no? —

* O! torture me no more, I will confess. —

' Alive again? then shew me where he is;

' I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him. —

* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them. —

' Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands
upright,

' Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul! —

' Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

‘Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

* That lays strong siege unto this wretch’s soul,

* And from his bosom purge this black despair!

‘*War.* See, how the pangs of death do make
him grin.

* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God’s good
pleasure be!

‘Lord cardinal, if thou think’st on heaven’s bliss,

‘Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —

‘He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive
him!

‘*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

‘*K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all. —

‘Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

‘And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain,
a Master, a Master’s-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and
Others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen
prisoners.*

* *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
day

* Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

* And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

* That drag the tragick melancholy night;
 * Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
 wings

* Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
 jaws

* Breathe foul contagious darknes in the air.

* Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;

* For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

* Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

* Or with their blood stain this discolour'd
 shore. —

‘Master, this prisoner freely give I thee; —

‘And thou that art his mate, make boot of
 this; —

‘The other, [*pointing to Suffolk.*] Walter Whit-
 more, is thy share.

‘*I. Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me
 know.

‘*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down
 your head.

‘*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off
 goes yours.

* *Cap.* What, think you much to pay two
 thousand crowns,

* And bear the name and port of gentlemen? —

* Cut both the villains' throats; — for die you
 shall;

* The lives of those which we have lost in fight,

* Cannot be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

* *I. Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare
 my life.

* *2. Gent.* And so will I, and write home for
 it straight.

‘*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize
 aboard,

‘And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[*to Suffolk.*]

‘And so should these, if I might have my will.

* *Cap.*

**Cap.* Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

'*Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

'Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

'*Whit.* And so am I; my name is — Walter Whitmore.

'How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

'*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

'A cunning man did calculate my birth,

'And told me — that by *Water* I should die:

'Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;

'Thy name is — *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

'*Whit.* *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;

'Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,

'But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;

'Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

'Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

'And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*lays hold on Suffolk.*]

'*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

'*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;

Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

'*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

'Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

'Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
'And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

'How often hast thou waited at my cup,
'Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

'When I have feasted with queen Margaret?

* Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

* Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:

* How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

* And duly waited for my coming forth?

'This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

'And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

* *Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

* *Cap.* First let my words stab him, as he bath me.

* *Suf.* Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

'*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side

'Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

'Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
'Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

'Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

'For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

'Thy lips, that kifs'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;

'And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,

'Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,

* Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:

* And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

- * For daring to affy a mighty lord
- * Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
- * Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
- * By devilish policy art thou grown great,
- * And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
- * With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
- * By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
- * The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
- * Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
- * Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
- * And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
- * The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all, —
- * Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
vain, —
- * As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
- * And now the house of York — thrust from
the crown,
- * By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
- * And lofty proud encroaching tyranny, —
- * Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful
colours
- * Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
- * Under the which is writ — *Invitis nubibus.*
- * The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
- * And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
- * Is crept into the palace of our king,
- * And all by thee: — Away! convey him hence.
- * *Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder
- * Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
- * Small things make base men proud: 'this vil-
lain here,
- * Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
- * Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
- * 'Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives.
- * It is impossible, that I should die
- * By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

'Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
 'I go of message from the queen to France;
 'I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

'Cap. Walter, —

'Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

*Suf. *Pene gelidus timor occupat artus*: — 'tis thee I fear.

'Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

'What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

'1. Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

'Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,

'Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

'Far be it, we should honour such as these

'With humble suit: no, rather let my head

'Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

'Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

'And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

'Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

*True nobility is exempt from fear: —

*More can I bear, than you dare execute.

'Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

'Suf. Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,

'That this my death may never be forgot! —

'Great men oft die by vile bezonians:

'A Roman sworder and banditto slave

'Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

'Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders,

'Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Suf. with Whitmore and others.]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,

It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with Suffolk's body.

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,
'Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit.]

'*I. Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
'His body will I bear unto the king;
'If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
'So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit, with the body.]

S C E N E II.

Blackheath.

Enter George BEVIS and John HOLLAND.

'*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though
'made of a lath; they have been up these two
'days.

'*John.* They have the more need to sleep now
'then.

'*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack, Cade the clothier means
'to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set
'a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare.
Well, I say, it was never merry world in Eng-
land, since gentlemen came up.

**Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded
*in handicrafts-men.

'*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather
'aprons.

**Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no
*good workmen.

* *John.* True; And yet it is said, — Labour in
 * thy vocation: which is as much to say, as, —
 * let the magistrates be labouring men; and there-
 * fore should we be magistrates.

* *Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better
 * sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

* *John.* I see them! I see them! There's Best's
 * son, the tanner of Wingham; —

* *Geo.* He shall have the skins of our enemies,
 * to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher, —

* *Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
 * iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

* *John.* And Smith the weaver: —

* *Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

* *John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH
 the weaver, and others in great number.

' *Cade.* We John Cade, so term'd of our sup-
 ' posed father, —

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.
 [Aside.]

' *Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before us,
 ' inspired with the spirit of putting down kings
 ' and princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-
 layer. [Aside.]

' *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet, —

' *Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife.
 [Aside.]

' *Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and
 sold many laces. [Aside.]

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel
'with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at
'home. [Aside.]

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;
and there was he born, under a hedge; for his
father had never a house, but the cage. [Aside.]

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.
[Aside.]

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him
whipp'd three market days together. [Aside.]

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat
is of proof. [Aside.]

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear
of fire, being burnt i'the hand for stealing of
sheep. [Aside.]

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave,
and vows reformation. There shall be, in Eng-
land, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny:
the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I
will make it felony, to drink small beer: all the
realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall
my palfry go to grafs. And, when I am king,
(as king I will be) —

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: — there
'shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on
'my score; and I will apparel them all in one
'livery, that they may agree like brothers, and
'worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the
'lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a
lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent
lamb should be made parchment? that parchment,

being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters; — 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: — Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

'*Mich.* Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford
'and his brother are hard by, with the king's
'forces.

'*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee
'down: He shall be encounter'd with a man as
'good as himself; He is but a knight, is 'a?

'*Mich.* No.

'*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a
'knight presently; Rise up sir John Mortimer.
'Now have at him.

*Enter Sir Humphrey STAFFORD, and William his
Brother, with drum and forces.*

**Staf.* Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum
of Kent,

*Mark'd for the gallows, — lay your weapons
down,

*Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; —

*The king is merciful, if you revolt.

**W. Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd
to blood,

*If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I
pass not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

*O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

*For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

'*Staf.* Villain, thy father was a plaisterer;
'And thou thyself, a shearman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

'*W. Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer, earl
of March,

Married the duke of Clarence' daughter; Did
he not?

'*Staf.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

'*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

'The elder of them, being put to nurse,
'Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
'And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
'Became a bricklayer, when he came to age:
'His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

**Staf.* And will you credit this base drudge's words,

*That speaks he knows not what?

**All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

**Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*]

— Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that —
for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose
time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,
— I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

'*Dick.* And, furthermore, we'll have the lord
'Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

'*Cade.* And good reason; for thereby is Eng-
'land maim'd. and fain to go with a staff, but
'that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I
'tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the com-
'mon-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more
'than that, he can speak French, and therefore
'he is a traitor.

'*Staf.* O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The French-
'men are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this;
'Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an ene-
'my, be a good counsellor, or no?

** All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

** W. Staf.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

** Assail them with the army of the king.*

** Staf.* Herald, away: and throughout every town,

** Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
'That those, which fly before the battle ends,
'May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
'Be hang'd up for example at their doors: —
'And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.
[Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, and forces.*

** Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me. —

** Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.*

** We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:*

** Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;*

** For they are thrifty honest men, and such*

** As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.*

** Dick.* They are all in order, and march toward us.

** Cade.* But then are we in order, when we
** are most out of order. Come, march forward.
[Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, — The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the duke of BUCKINGHAM, and lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's head.

**Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard — that grief softens
the mind,

*And makes it fearful and degenerate;

*Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

*But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

*Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

*But where's the body that I should embrace?

‘*Buck.* What answer makes your grace to the
‘rebels’ supplication?

**K. Hen.* I’ll send some holy bishop to en-
treat:

‘For God forbid, so many simple souls

‘Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

‘Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

‘Will parly with Jack Cade their general. —

‘But stay, I’ll read it over once again.

**Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this
lovely face

*Ru’d, like a wandering planet, over me;

*And could it not enforce them to relent,

*That were unworthy to behold the same?

‘*K. Hen.* Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to
have thy head.

‘*Say.* Ay, but I hope, your highness shall
have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk’s death?

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
'Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for
me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn,
but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

**K. Hen.* How now! what news? why com'st
thou in such haste?

'*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my
lord!

'Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
'Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
'And calls your grace usurper, openly,
'And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
'His army is a ragged multitude
'Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
'Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
'Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
'All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
'They call — false caterpillars, and intend their
death.

**K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not
what they do.

'*Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,
'Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

**Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now
alive,

*These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

'*K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
'Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

'*Say.* So might your grace's person be in
danger;

'The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
'And therefore in this city will I stay,
'And live alone as secret as I may.

KING HENRY VI.

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Enter another Messenger.

* 2. *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
the citizens

* Fly and forsake their houses:

* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

* To spoil the city, and your royal court.

* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take
horse.

— * *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope,
will succour us.

* *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is
deceas'd.

* *K. Hen.* Farewel, my lord; [*to Lord Say.*]
trust not the Kentish rebels.

* *Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be be-
tray'd.

* *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence,
* And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

The same. The Tower.

*Enter Lord SCALES, and Others, on the walls. Then
enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

* *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for
they have won the bridge, killing all those that
withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of
your honour from the Tower, to defend the city
from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall
command;

But I am troubled here with them myself,
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your
lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. Cannon-street.

Enter Jack CADE, and his followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, hence-forward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than — lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

**Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call
*you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very
*fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them:
But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and,
if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come,
let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

The same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the king's forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough is slain.

Cade. So, sirs: — Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shall have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. [*Aside.*]

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. [*Aside.*]

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; *he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and *one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honestest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

* *Dick.* And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

'Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala*
'*gens.*

'Cade. Away with him, away with him! he
'speaks Latin.

* Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where
you will.

'Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,

'Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:

'Sweet is the country, because full of riches;

'The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

'Which makes me hope you are not void of
pity.

'I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;

* Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

* Justice with favour have I always done;

* Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could
never.

* When have I aught exacted at your hands,

* Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and
you?

* Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

* Because my book preferr'd me to the king:

* And — seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

* Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to
heaven, —

* Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

* You cannot but forbear to murder me.

* This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

* For your behoof, —

* Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow
in the field?

* Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft
have I struck

* Those that I never saw, and struck them
dead.

* Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come
behind folks!

**Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching for
your good.

**Cade.* Give him a box o'the ear, and that
*will make 'em red again.

**Say.* Long sitting to determine poor men's
causes

**Hath* made me full of sickness and diseases.

**Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle then,
*and the help of a hatchet.

**Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

**Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provokes me?

**Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who should say,
'I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will
'stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away,
'and behead him.

**Say.* Tell me, wherein have I offended
most?

**Have* I affected wealth, or honour; speak?

**Are* my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

**Is* my apparel sumptuous to behold?

**Whom* have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

**These* hands are free from guiltless blood-
shedding,

**This* breast from harbouring foul deceitful
thoughts.

**O*, let me live!

**Cade.* I feel remorse in myself with his words:

**but* I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for

**pleading* so well for his life. Away with him!

**he* has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks

'not o'God's name. Go, take him away, I say,

'and strike off his head presently; and then break

'into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer,

'and strike off his head, and bring them both

'upon two poles hither.

'*All.* It shall be done.

**Say.* Ah, countrymen! if when you make
your prayers,

- * God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
- * How would it fare with your departed souls?
- * And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

* *Cade.* Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

'The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear
'a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;
'there shall not a maid be married, but she
'shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have
'it: Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we
'charge and command, that their wives be as free
'as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

'*Dick.* My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

'*Cade.* Marry, presently.

'*All.* O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his son-in-law.

'*Cade.* But is not this braver? — Let them
'kiss one another; for they loved well, when
'they were alive. Now part them again, lest
'they consult about the giving up of some more
'towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of
'the city until night: for with these borne before
'us, instead of maces, will we ride through the
'streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss. —
'Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V I I I .

Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his rabblement.

* *Cade.* Up Fish-street! down saint Magnus'
 * corner! kill and knock down! throw them into
 * Thames! — [*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*
 * What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold
 * to sound retreat or parley, when I command
 * them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, and old CLIFFORD,
 with forces.*

‘*Buck.* Ay, here they be that dare, and will
 disturb thee :
 Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the
 king
 ‘Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
 ‘And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
 ‘That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.
 ‘*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye
 relent,
 ‘And yield to mercy, whilst ’tis offer’d you;
 ‘Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
 ‘Who loves the king, and will embrace his
 pardon,
 ‘Fling up his cap, and say — God save his
 majesty!
 ‘Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
 ‘Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
 ‘Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.
 ‘*All.* God save the king! God save the king!
 ‘*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are
 ‘ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye

'believe him? will you needs he hang'd with
'your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword
'therefore broke through London gates, that you
'should leave me at the Whitehart in Southwark?
'I thought, ye would never have given out these
'arms, till you had recover'd your ancient freedom:
'but you are all recreants, and dastards; and de-
'light to live in slavery to the nobility. Let
'them break your backs with burdens, take your
'houses over your heads, ravish your wives and
'daughters before your faces: For me, — I will
'make shift for one; and so — God's curse 'light
'upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim — you'll go with
him?

'Will he conduct you through the heart of
France,

'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?

'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;

'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,

'Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.

'Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at
jar,

'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish
you?

'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,

'I see them lording it in London streets,

'Crying — *Villageois!* unto all they meet.

'Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry.

'Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
mercy.

'To France, to France, and get what you have
lost;

'Spare England, for it is your native coast:

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

'God on our side, doubt not of victory.

'*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the
'king, and Clifford.

'*Cade.* Was ever feather so lightly blown to
'and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry
'the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs,
'and makes them leave me desolate. I see them
'lay their heads together, to surprize me: my
'sword make way for me, for here is no staying.
'— In despite of the devils and hell, have
'through the very midst of you! and heavens
'and honour be witness, that no want of resolu-
'tion in me, but only my followers' base and
'ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to
'my heels. [Exit.

'*Buck.* What, is he fled? go some, and fol-
low him;

'And he, that brings his head unto the king,
'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. —

[*Exeunt some of them.*

'Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

'To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Kenelworth Castle.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET,
on the terrace of the Castle.*

**K. Hen.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly
throne,

*And could command no more content than I?

*No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

*But I was made a king, at nine months old:

*Was never subject long'd to be a king,

*As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and CLIFFORD.

* *Buck.* Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

* *K. Hen.* Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?

* Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of Cade's followers, with halters about their necks.

* *Clif.* He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;

* And humbly thus with halters on their necks

* Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

* *K. Hen.* Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

* To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —

* Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

* And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:

* Continue still in this so good a mind,

* And Henry, though he be infortunate,

* Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

* And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,

* I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

* *Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised,

* The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:

* And with a puissant and a mighty power,

* Of galloglasses, and stout kerns,

* Is marching hitherward in proud array;

* And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

* His arms are only to remove from thee

*The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

**K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;

*Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,

*Is straitway calm, and boarded with a pirate:

*But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd:

*And now is York in arms, to second him. —

*I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;

*And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.

*Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower; —

*And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,

*Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

**Som.* My lord,

*I'll yield myself to prison willingly,

*Or unto death, to do my country good.

**K. Hen.* In any case, be not too rough in terms;

*For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

**Buck.* I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,

*As all things shall redound unto your good.

**K. Hen.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;

*For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADE.

**Cade.* Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that
*have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!

* These five days have I hid me in these woods;
* and durst not peep out, for all the country is
* lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry, that if
* I might have a lease of my life for a thousand
* years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on
* a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden; to
* see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another
* while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach
* this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet
* was born to do me good: for, many a time, but
* for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a
* brown bill; and, many a time, when I have
* been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served
* me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now
* the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the
court,

'And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
'This small inheritance, my father left me,
'Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
'I seek not to wax great by others' waining;
'Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
'Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
'And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
'*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
'me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple with-
'out leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and
'get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying
'my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like
'an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great
'pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou
be,

'I know thee not; Why then should I betray
thee?

'Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
 'And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds.
 'Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 'But thou wilt brave me with these saucy
 terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that
 ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on
 me well: I have eat no meat these five days;
 yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not
 leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God,
 I may never eat grafs more.

'Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while Eng-
 land stands,
 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
 'Oppose thy stedfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 'See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
 'Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
 'Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
 'Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
 'My foot shall fight with all the strength thou
 hast;

'And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 'Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
 'As for words, whose greatness answers words,
 'Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete cham-
 *pion that ever I heard. — 'Steel if thou turn
 'the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown
 'in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I
 'beseech God on my knees, thou may'st be turn'd
 'to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*] O, I am
 'slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let
 'ten thousand devils come against me, and give
 'me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy
 'them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a
 'burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,
 'because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

'Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
'And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:

*Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

*But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,

*To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

**Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

*Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

*And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

*So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

'Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

'Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,

'And there cut off thy most ungracious head;

'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,

'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his forces at some distance.

- 'York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim
his right,
'And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's
head:
'Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and
bright,
'To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee
dear?
'Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
'This hand was made to handle nought but
gold:
'I cannot give due action to my words,
'Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.
'A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;
'On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

- 'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb
me?
'The king hath sent him, sure: I must dis-
semble.
'Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet
thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept
thy greeting.

‘Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?’

‘*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread
liege,

‘To know the reason of these arms in peace;

‘Or why, thou — being a subject as I am, —

‘Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

‘Should’st raise so great a power without his
leave,

‘Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

‘*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler
is so great.

‘O, I could hew up rocks, and fight
with flint,

‘I am so angry at these abject terms;

‘And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

‘On sheep or oxen could I spend my } *Aside.*
fury!

‘I am far better born than is the king;

‘More like a king, more kingly in my
thoughts:

‘But I must make fair weather yet a
while,

‘Till Henry be more weak, and I more
strong. —

‘O Buckingham, I pr’ythee, pardon me,

‘That I have given no answer all this while;

‘My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

‘The cause why I have brought this army
hither,

‘Is — to remove proud Somerset from the king,

‘Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

‘*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy
part:

‘But if thy arms be to no other end,

‘The king hath yielded unto thy demand;

‘The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. —

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in saint George's field,

You shall have pay, and every thing you wish. —

* And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

* Command my eldest son, — nay, all my sons,

* As pledges of my fealty and love,

* I'll send them all as willing as I live:

* Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have

* Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

* *York.* In all submission and humility,

* York doth present himself unto your highness.

* *K. Hen.* Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

Who since I hear'd to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

May pass into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,

The

'The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

'*K. Hen.* The head of Cade? — Great God,
how just art thou! —

'O, let me view his visage being dead,

'That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

'Tell me, my friend; art thou the man that
slew him?

'*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

'*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is
thy degree?

'*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;

'A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

**Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not
amiss

*He were created knight for his good service.

'*K. Hen.* Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels.*] Rise
up a knight.

'We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

'*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

'And never live but true unto his liege!

'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes
with the queen;

'Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET.

'*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not
hide his head,

'But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

'*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?

'Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd
thoughts,

'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? —

'False king! why hast thou broken faith with
me,

'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

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thoughts,

'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? —

'False king! why hast thou broken faith with
me,

'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

'King did I call thee? no, thou art no king;
 'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 'Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a
 traitor.

'That head of thine doth not become a crown;
 'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 'And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
 'That gold must round engirt these brows of
 mine;

'Whose smile and frown like to Achilles' spear,
 'Is able with the change to kill and cure.

'Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
 'And with the same to act controlling laws.
 'Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no
 more

'O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

'*Som.* O monstrous traitor! — I arrest thee,
 York,

'Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
 *Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

**York.* Would'st have me kneel? first let me
 ask of these,

*If they can brook I bow a knee to man. —

*Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attend.*

*I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

*They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
 ment.

'*Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come
 again, [Exit BUCKINGHAM.

*To say, if that the bastard boys of York

*Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

**York.* O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

*Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

'The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

'Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

'That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and Richard PLANTAGENET, with forces, at one side; at the other, with forces also, old CLIFFORD and his son.

* See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.

* *Q. Mar.* And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

* *Clif.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

* *York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?

* *Nay,* do not fright us with an angry look:

* *We* are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

* *For* thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

* *Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

* *But* thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—

* *To* Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour

* *Makes* him oppose himself against his king.

* *Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

* *And* chop away that factious pate of his.

* *Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey;

* *His* sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

* *York.* Will you not, sons?

* *Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

* *Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

* *Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

* *York.* Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

* *I* am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor. —

* Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
* That, with the very shaking of their chains,
* They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
* Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

*Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY,
with forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy
bears to death,

‘And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
‘If thou dar’st bring them to the baiting-place.

**Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening
cur

* Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
* Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
* Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and
cry'd:

*And such a piece of service will you do,
*If you oppose yourselves to match lord War-
wick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

* As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

* *York.* Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

***Clif.** Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

* *K. Hen.* Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot
to bow? —

* Old Salisbury, — shame to thy silver hair,

*Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son! —

* What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the
ruffian,

* And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles? —

* O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

* If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

* Where shall it find a harbour in the earth? —

- * Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
- * And shame thine honourable age with blood?
- * Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
- * Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
- * For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
- * That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

* *Sal.* My lord, I have consider'd with myself

- * The title of this most renowned duke;
- * And in my conscience do repute his grace
- * The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

* *K. Hen.* Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

* *Sal.* I have.

* *K. Hen.* Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

* *Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;

- * But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
- * Who can be bound by any solemn vow
- * To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
- * To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
- * To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
- * To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
- * And have no other reason for this wrong,
- * But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

* *Q. Mar.* A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

* *K. Hen.* Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

* *York.* Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

* *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

* *War.* You were best to go to bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

* *Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's
crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy
bear,

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
'Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

'*Y. Clif.* And so to arms, victorious father,
'To quell the rebels, und their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame, speak not in
spight,

For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

'*Y. Clif.* Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou
canst tell.

'*Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in
hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Saint Albans.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick
calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, — when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air, —
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

‘How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

‘*York.* The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
steed;

‘But match to match I have encounter’d him,

‘And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

‘Even of the bonny beast he lov’d so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

‘*War.* Of one or both of us the time is
come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some
other chace,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

‘*War.* Then, nobly, York; ’tis for a crown
thou fight’st. —

‘As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail’d.

[*Exit WARWICK.*

‘*Clif.* What seest thou in me, York? why
dost thou pause?

‘*York.* With thy brave bearing should I be
in love,

‘But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

‘*Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise
and esteem,

‘But that ’tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

‘*York.* So let it help me now against thy
sword,

‘As I in justice and true right express it!

‘*Clif.* My soul and body on the action
both! —

'York. A dreadful lay! — address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

'Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.* [Dies.

'York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

'Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[Exit.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

*Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

*Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

*Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

*Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

*Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

*Hot coals of vengeance! — Let no soldier fly:

*He, that is truly dedicate to war,

*Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,

*Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

*The name of valour. — O, let the vile world end,
[seeing his dead father.

*And the premised flames of the last day

*Knit earth and heaven together!

*Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

*Particularities and petty sounds

*To cease! — Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

*To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve

*The silver livery of advised age;

*And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days,
thus

*To die in ruffian battle? — Even at this sight,

- *My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis
mine,
*It shall be stony. York not our old men
spares;
*No more will I their babes: tears virginal
*Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
*And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
*Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
*Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:
*Meet I an infant of the house of York,
*Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
*As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
*In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
'Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[Taking up the body.
'As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
'So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
*But then Aeneas bare a living load,
*Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[Exit.

*Enter Richard PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET,
fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.*

- Rich.* So, lie thou there; —
'For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death. —
*Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still:
*Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[Exit.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen
MARGARET, and Others, retreating.*

- 'Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow; for
shame, away!

* *K. Hen.* Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

* *Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:

* Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

* To give the enemy way; and to secure us

* By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*]

* If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

* Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,

* (As well we may, if not through your neglect,)

* We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;

* And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,

* May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* But that my heart's on future mischief set,

* I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;

* But fly you must; uncurable discomfit

* Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts,

* Away, for your relief! and we will live

* To see their day, and them our fortune give:

* Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum. Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, Richard PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
* That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
* Aged contusions and all brush of time;
* And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
* Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
* If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
* Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
* Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
* Persuaded him from any further act:
* But still, where danger was, still there I met
 him;
* And like rich hangings in a homely house,
* So was his will in his old feeble body.
* But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou
 fought to-day;
* By the mafs, so did we all. — I thank you,
 Richard:
* God knows, how long it is I have to live;
* And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-
 day
* You have defended me from imminent death. —
* Well, lords, we have not got that which we
 have;
* 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,

*Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;

'For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,

'To call a present court of parliament.

'Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth: —

'What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we
can.

Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Albans battle, won by famous York,

Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come. —

Sound, drums and trumpets; — and to London
all:

And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*



2

K I N G H E N R Y V I.

P A R T I I I.

*** THE action of this play (which was at first printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth; or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster*) opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455], wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. [November 4, 1471]. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years. THEOBALD.

I have never seen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of THE WHOLE CONTENTION, etc. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me, and it is not precisely the same with that described by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619) correspond with their description. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henry the Sixt: With the whole contention between the two houses Lancaster and Yorke: as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall, 1600.*" On this piece Shakspeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. MALONE.

The present historical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the stage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miseries of Civil War*. Surely the works of Shakspeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne, in his prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own composition:

"For by his feeble skill 'tis built alone,

"The divine Shakspeare did not lay one stone."

whereas the very first scene is that of Jack Cade copied almost verbatim from the second part of *King Henry VI.* and several others from this third part, with as little variation. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY VI.

5

This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. JOHNSON.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Sixth:

Edward, *Prince of Wales*, his son.

Lewis XI. *King of France.*

Duke of Somerset,

Duke of Exeter,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Westmoreland,

Lord Clifford,

Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of York.*

Edward, *Earl of March, afterwards King*

Edward IV.

Edmund, *Earl of Rutland*.

George, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquis of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Pembroke.

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Moritmer.

Sir Hugh Mortimer

Henry, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*

Lord Rivers, brother to lady Grey. Sir William Stanley.

Sir John Montgomery. Sir John Somerville.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower.

A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A son that has killed his father.

A father that has killed his son.

Queen Margaret.

Lady Grey, afterwards queen to Edward IV.

Bona, *sister to the French queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE, during part of the third act, in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.

THIRD

T H I R D P A R T
OF
K I N G H E N R Y V I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, enter the Duke of York, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I Wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He silyly stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

Vol. V.

I

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk, — Stay by me,
my lords; —

‘And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this
night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him
no violence,

‘Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*

* *York.* The queen, this day, here holds her
parliament;

* But little thinks, we shall be of her council:

* By words, or blows, here let us win our
right.

Rich. Arm’d as we are, let’s stay within this
house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be
call’d,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos’d, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

‘*York.* Then leave me not, my lords; be re-
solute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves
him best,

‘The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

‘I’ll plant Plantagenet, root him up who
dares: —

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats
himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NOR-
THUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and
Others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy
rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false
peer,)

To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king. —
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father; —
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have
vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
'*North.* If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on
me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn
in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck
him down:

'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmore-
land.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it
so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll
quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from
Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use. —

[*They advance to the duke.*]

Thou factions duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee
duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom
was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural
king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke
of York.

'K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in
my throne?

'York. It must and shall be so. Content thy-
self.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancas-
ter;

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall
maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You
forget,

That we are those, which chas'd you from the
field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

'North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my
grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue
it.

'West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy
sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more
lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

'Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of
words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?

'If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose: —

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [to York.] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: — hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my
kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
'Ay, and their colours — often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sor-
row, —
Shall be my winding-sheet. — Why faint you,
lords?

'My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
king.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got
the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's
weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

'*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful
king:

'For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sove-
reign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it uncon-
strain'd,

Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his
crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon
me.

**York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and an-
swer not?

Exc. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,

'Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent, —

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, —

Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

'Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown: —

What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;

Or I will fill the house with armed men,

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps, and the soldiers shew themselves.]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear but one word; —

'Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content; Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince
your son?

War. What good is this to England, and
himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself
and us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these
news.

* *West.* Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate
king,

* In whose cold blood no spark of honour lides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of
York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be over-
come!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, and
WESTMORELAND.

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will
not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but
my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may: — I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for
ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign;

* And neither by treason, nor hostility,

* To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*coming from the throne.*]

War. Long live king Henry! — Plantagenet embrace him.

* K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Senet. The lords come forward.*]

* York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

* K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*going.*]

* Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

* Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid.

* And never seen thee, never borne thee 'son,
* Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
* Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?
* Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
* Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
* Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood
there,

* Rather than have made that savage duke thine
heir,

* And disinherited thine only son.

* *Prince.* Father, you cannot disinherit me:

* If you be king, why should not I succeed?

* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret; — pardon me,
sweet son; —

* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd
me.

* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and
wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous
wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

'And given unto the house of York such head,

* As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

* What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

* And creep into it far before thy time?

* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;

'And yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds

* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

'Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

'The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their
pikes,

'Before I would have granted to that act.

* But thou preferrest thy live before thine
honour:

S C E N E II.

A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons, and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be
forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear
me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not
took

'Before a true and lawful magistrate,

'That hath authority over him that swears:

'Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

'Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

'Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

'Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,

* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

* Within whose circuit is Elysium,

* And all that poets feign of blifs and joy.

* Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

* Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd

* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or
die. —

'Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

'And whet on Warwick to this enterprize. —

'Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,

'And tell him privily of our intent. —

'You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

'In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

'Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. —

'While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
more,

'But that I seek occasion how to rise;

'And yet the king not privy to my drift,

'Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

‘But, stay; What news? Why com’st thou in such post?

‘*Mes.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,

‘Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

‘She is hard by with twenty thousand men;

‘And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

**York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think’st thou, that we fear them? —

‘Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me; —

‘My brother Montague shall post to London:

*Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

*Whom we have left protectors of the king,

*With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

*And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

**Mont.* Brother, I go; I’ll win them, fear it not:

*And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

‘You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we’ll meet her in the field.

‘*York.* What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman’s general; What should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

‘*Edw.* I hear their drums; Let’s set our men in order;

‘And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

‘*York.* Five men to twenty! — though the odds be great,

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;
 I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
 Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my
 father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
 enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
 He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and
 thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me:
 No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
 And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
 It could not shake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
 The sight of any of the house of York
 Is as a fury to torment my soul;
 'And till I root out their accursed line,
 'And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore — [Lifting his hand.

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death: —
 To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou
 slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
 Lest, in revenge thereof, — sith God is just, —
 He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[*Clif. stabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuae!*

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
 And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
 [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

The same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

'York. The army of the queen hath got the
 field:
'My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
'And ail my followers to the eager foe
'Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
'Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
'My sons — God knows, what hath bechanced
 them:
 But this I know, — they have demean'd them-
 selves
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
'Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
 And thrice cry'd, — *Courage, father! fight it*
out!
'And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
'In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
'And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
'Richard cry'd, — *Charge! and give no foot of*
ground!
'And cry'd — *A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
'A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!
 With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
'We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
'With bootless labour swim against the tide,

'And spend her strength with over-matching
waves. [*A short alarm within.*]

'Ah, bark! the fatal followers do pursue;

'And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:

'And, were I strong, I would not shun their
fury:

'The sands are number'd, that make up my life;

'Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

'Come, bloody Clifford, — rough Northumberland, —

'I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;

'I am your butt, and I abide your shot.'

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring
forth

'A bird that will revenge upon you all:

'And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

'Why come you not? what! multitudes, and
fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no
further;

'So doves do peck the faulcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,

'And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:

* And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

'Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere
this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for
word;

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[Draws.]

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
causes,

I would prolong a while the traitor's life: —

Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northum-
berland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so
much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize to take all vantages;

*And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the
gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[York is taken prisoner.]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto
him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Nor-
thumberland,

Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;

'That raught at mountains with out-stretched
arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand. —

*What! was it you, that would be England's
king?

Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
'And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
'Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

* Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;

* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fce'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown. —
A crown for York; — and, lords, bow low to him. —

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. —

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir. —
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
'Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the
child.

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
'Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
'Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy
wish:

'Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast
thy will:

‘For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland’s obsequies;
‘And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
‘Gainst thee, fell Clifford, — and thee, false
Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me
50,

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, —
O, ten times more, — than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[He gives back the handkerchief.]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, — Alas, it was a piteous deed! —

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand! —
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
kin,

'I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Nor-
thumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death. *[stabbing him.]*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king. *[stabbing him.]*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
'My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee. *[Dies.]*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York
gates;

So York may overlook the town of York.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with their forces, marching.

- * *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father
'scap'd;
* Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the
news;
* Had he been slain, we should have heard the
news;
* Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have
heard
* The happy tidings of his good escape. —
'How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
'I saw him in the battle range about;
'And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
'Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
* Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
* The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
* So far'd our father with his enemies;
'So fled his enemies my warlike father;
'Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
* How well resembles it the prime of youth,
* Frimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love?
- L

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three
suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet
never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
'Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
'And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
'Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters; — by your
leave I speak it,

* You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

'But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
'Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,

* Your princely father, and my loving lord.

'*Edw.* O, speak no more! for I have heard
too much.

'*Rich.* Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

'*Mes.* Environed he was with many foes;

* And stood against them, as the hope of Troy

* Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd
Troy.

* But Hercules himself must yield to odds;

* And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 * Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
 'By many hands your father was subdu'd;
 'But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 'Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
 'Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high de-
 spight;
 'Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he
 wept,
 'The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
 'A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 'Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
 slain:
 'And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 'They took his head, and on the gates of York
 'They set the same; and there it doth remain,
 'The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean
 upon;

'Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no
 stay! —
 * O Clifford, beist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
 * The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
 * And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 * For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
 thee! —

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:

'Ah, would she break from hence! that this my
 body

'Might in the ground be closed up in rest:

'For never henceforth shall I joy again,

'Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

'Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's
 moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
 heart:

* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
 burden;

* For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
 * Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
 * And burn me up with flames, that tears would
 quench.

* To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
 * Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for
 me! —

‘ Richard, I bear thy name, I’ll venge thy death,
 ‘ Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
 thee;

‘ His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle’s bird,
 Shew thy descent by gazing ’gainst the sun:
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, and MONTAGUE,
 with forces.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what
 news abroad?

‘ *Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should
 recount

Our baleful news, and, at each word’s de-
 liverance,

Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the
 wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
 Which held thee dearly, as his soul’s redemption,
 Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown’d these news in
 tears:

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befall’n.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,

Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the
queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
'Touching king Henry's oath, and your succes-
sion.

Short tale to make, — we at saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
'Who thunders to his captives — blood and
death,

I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers' — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
'Or like a lazy thresher with a flail, —
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my-
self,

In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-
land?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the
soldiers:

And for your brother, — he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
'With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War-
wick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
hear:

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of
mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame
me not;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king, like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of
March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
'Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
'And once again cry — Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great War-
wick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
'That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I
lean;

'And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of
York;

'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;

And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,

'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

'But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
as steel,

*(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,)

*I come to pierce it, — or to give thee mine.

* *Edw.* Then strike up, drums; — God, and
saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mes. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by
me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

* *War.* Why then it sorts, brave warriors:
Let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before York.

*Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of
Wales, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with
forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town
of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
'That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
'Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

* *K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear
their wreck; —

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not

Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
 'And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
 Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to desinherit him,
 'Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
 'Which sometime they have us'd with fearful
 flight)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
 And long hereafter say unto his child, —
*What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away?*
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with
 him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the
 orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 'But, Clifford, tell me, did'st thou never hear, —
 That things ill got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

‘As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,

'Than in possession any jot of pleasure. —

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,

'How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our
foes are nigh,

'And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

'You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

‘Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in
right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly
leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

‘For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
‘Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field.

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore
I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father, cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTACUE, and Soldiers.

‘*Edw.* Now, prejudg’d Henry! wilt thou kneel
for grace,
‘And set thy disdam upon my head;
*Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting
boy!
'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
'Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his
knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You — that are king, though he do wear the
crown, —

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
'To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too ;
Who should succeed the father, but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? — O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee.

'Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,
was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

'*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you speak?

When you and I met at saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

'*North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently; —

Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

'*K. Hen.* Have done with words, my lords,
and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,

'That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says
is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother
stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mothers tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor
dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-
traught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand
crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself. —
*Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
*Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
*And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
*By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin
stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;
'Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for
him,
'That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of
France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
'For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy
pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had shipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But, when we saw our sun-shine made
thy spring.

'And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit our-
selves
'Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
'We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak. —
Sound trumpets! — let our bloody colours
wave! —

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer
stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives to day.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton in Yorkshire.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a
race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their
strength,
'And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle
death!
'For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is
clouded.
War. How now, my lord? what hap? what
hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

* *Geo.* Our hap is loss, our hope but sad de-
spair;
'Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
'What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?
'*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with
wings;
'And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou with-
drawn thyself?

'Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
'Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's
lance:

'And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd, —
'Like to a dismal clangor heard from far, —
'*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
'So underneath the belly of their steeds,
'That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
'The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our
blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

* Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
* Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
* And look upon, as if the tragedy
* Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
'Here on my knee I vow to God above,
'I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
'Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with
thine;

'And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine. —
* And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold
face,

* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
'Beseeching thee, — if with thy will it stands,
'That to my foes this body must be prey, —
'Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
'And give sweet passage to my sinful soul! —
'Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
'Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; — and,
gentle Warwick,

'Let me embrace thee in my weary arms: —
'I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
'That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

**War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
farewel.

**Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops:

*And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars, that will stand to us;

*And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

*As victors wear at the Olympian games;

*This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

*For yet is hope of life, and victory. —

*Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD, and CLIFFORD.

**Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee
alone:

*Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,

*And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

*Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here
alone:

This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;

And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rut-
land;

And here's the heart, that triumphs in their
death,

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and
brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.*]

'Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other
chace;
'For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

* K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's
war,
* When dying clouds contend with growing light;
* What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
'Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
'Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
'Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
'Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
'Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the
wind;
'Now, one the better; then, another best;
'Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
'Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
'So is the equal poise of this fell war.
* Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
* To whom God will, there be the victory!
'For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
'Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
'They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were
so:
'For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
'To be no better than a homely swain;
* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

- * To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
- * Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
- * How many make the hour full complete,
- * How many hours bring about the day,
- * How many days will finish up the year,
- * How many years a mortal man may live.
- * When this is known, then to divide the times:
- * So many hours must I tend my flock;
- * So many hours must I take my rest;
- * So many hours must I contemplate;
- * So many hours must I sport myself;
- * So many days my ewes have been with young;
- * So many weeks ere the poor fools will year;
- * So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece:
- * So minutes, hours, days, weeks months, and
years,
- * Past over to the end they were created,
- * Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
- * Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!
- * Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
- * To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
- * Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
- * To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
- * O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
- * And to conclude, -- the shepherd's homely curds,
- * His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
- * His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
- * All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
- * Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
- * His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
- * His body couched in a curious bed,
- * When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father,
dragging in the dead body.

Son. I'll blows the wind, that profits no-
body. —

'This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 * May be possessed with some store of crowns:
 * And I, that haply take them from him now,
 * May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 'To some man else, as this dead man doth me. —
 'Who's this? — O God! it is my father's face,
 'Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 'O heavy times, begetting such events!
 'From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 'My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 'Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 'And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 'Have by my hands of life bereaved him. —
 'Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did! —
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! —
 * My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 * And no more words, till they have flow'd their
 fill.

'K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 'Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. —
 * Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 * And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 * Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with
 grief.

*Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the
 body in his arms.*

'Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 'Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 'For I have bought it with an hundred blows. —
 'But let me see: — is this our foeman's face?
 'Ah, no, no, no, it is ~~my~~ mine only son! —
 * Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 * Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers
 arise,
 * Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,

*Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! —

‘O, pity, God, this miserable age! —

‘What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

‘Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

‘This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! —

‘O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

‘And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

‘O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds! —

*O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity! —

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses:

*The one, his purple blood right well resembles;

*The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

‘If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father’s death,
Take on with me, and ne’er be satisfy’d?

Father. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

‘Shed seas of tears, and ne’er be satisfy’d?

‘*K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woeful chances,

‘Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy’d?

‘*Son.* Was ever son, so ru’d a father’s death?

‘*Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan’d his son?

‘*K. Hen.* Was ever king, so griev’d for subjects’ woe?

‘Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

‘*Son.* I’ll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [Exit, with the body.

**Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

*My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;

*For from my heart thine image ne’er shall go.

* My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 * And so obsequious will thy father be,
 * Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 * As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the body.]

'K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with
 care,
 'Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET,
 Prince of Wales, and EXETER.*

'Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
 are fled,
 'And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
 'Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
 'Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Ber-
 wick post again:
 'Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 'Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
 'With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 'And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 'Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with
 them:

'Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

'K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
 Exeter;

'Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 'Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

The same.

A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it
dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
'And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now, but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should
do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
* They never then had sprung like summer flies;
'I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
'And what makes robbers bold, but too much
lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
'No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
'The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the
rest;

'I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*]

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE,
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and
Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords; good fortune
bids us pause,
'And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
looks. —
'Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
'That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
'As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
'Command an argosy to stem the waves.
'But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with
them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
'And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's
departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's
ended,

If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

'*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis
Clifford;

'Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
'In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
'But set his murdering knife unto the root
'From whence that tender spray did sweetly
spring,
'I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down
the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
'Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for Measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our
house,
'That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
'Now death shall stop his dismal threatening
sound,
'And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft: —
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to
thee? —

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he
doth;

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
'Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
'Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager
words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy
faults.

'*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son
to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity
thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you
now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as
thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,

'When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath: —

I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,
'If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
'This hand should chop it off; and with the
issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands. —
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.

'From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
'And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation;

'And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

* For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;

* And never will I undertake the thing,

* Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. —

'Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster; —

'And George, of Clarence; — Warwick, as ourself,

'Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George,
of Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chace in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with crofs-bows in their hands.

'*I. Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll
shroud ourselves;

'For through this laund anon the deer will
come;

'And in this covert will we make our stand,

'Culling the principal of all the deer.

**2. Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both
may shoot.

**I. Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy
crofs-bow

*Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

*Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

*And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

*I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,

*In this self-place where now we mean to
stand.

'*2. Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he
be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

'To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

'No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

*Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,

*Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,

'No humble suitors press to speak for right,

*No, not a man comes for redress of thee;

For how can I help them, and not myself?

'*I. Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:

'This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

**K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversities;

*For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

**2. Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

**I. Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

'*K. Hen.* My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

'Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

'To wife for Edward: If this news be true,

'Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;

'For Warwick is a subtle orator,

'And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

'By this account, then, Margaret may win him;

'For she's a woman to be pity'd much:

* Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
 * Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 * The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
 * And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 * To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears,
 * Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says — her Henry is depos'd;
 He smiles, and says — his Edward is install'd;
 * That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
 more:

* Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
 wrong,

* Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
 * And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
 * With promise of his sister, and what else,
 * To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
 * O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor
 soul,

* Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2. *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of
 kings and queens?

* *K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I
 was born to:

* A man at least, for less I should not be;
 And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

* 2. *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert
 a king.

* *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's
 enough.

2. *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy
 crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on
 my head;

* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

* Nor to be seen: 'my crown is call'd, content;

* A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

'2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd
with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

'To go along with us: for, as we think,

'You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

'And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

'Will apprehend you as his enemy.

**K. Hen.* But did you never swear, and break
an oath?

*2. *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will
not now.

**K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was
king of England?

*2. *Keep.* Here in this country, were we now
remain.

**K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months
old;

*My father, and my grandfather, were kings;

*And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

*And, tell me then, have you not broke your
oaths?

*1. *Keep.* No; for we were subjects, but
while you were king.

**K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe
a man?

*Ah, simple men, you know not what you
swear.

*Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

*And as the air blows it to me again.

*Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

*And yielding to another when it blows,

*Commanded always by the greater gust;

*Such is the lightness of you common men.

*But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

*My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

*Go where you will, the king shall be com-
manded;

*And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

*I. *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king,
king Edward.

*K. *Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,

*If he were seated as king Edward is.

I. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and
in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

*K. *Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's
name be obey'd:

*And what God will, that let your king perform;

*And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

*K. *Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at saint Albans' field

*This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

*Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

*The worthy Gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant
her suit;

*It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. *Edw.* It were no less; but yet I'll make a
pause.

*Glo. Yea! is it so? [*Aside to Clar.*]

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he
keeps the wind? [Aside.]

Glo. Silence! [Aside.]

'K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your
suit;

'And come some other time, to know our mind.

'L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
delay:

'May it please your highness to resolve me
now;

'And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

'Glo. [Aside.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant
you all your lands,

'And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

'Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a
blow.

* Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to
fall. [Aside.]

* Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take van-
tages. [Aside.]

'K. Edw. How many children hast thou,
widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of
her. [Aside.]

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give
her two. [Aside.]

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd
by him. [Aside.]

'K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their
father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it
then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this
widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will
have leave,

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.]

*K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

*L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

*K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

*L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

*K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

*L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

*L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

*K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

*L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

*K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

*L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

*L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

*Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [Aside.]

*Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [Aside.]

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

**K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

**L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

**K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

**L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

*That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

**L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

**K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

**L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive

*Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

**L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

'Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:

No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows, *[Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. *[Aside.*

K. Edw. *[Aside.]* Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

*Her words do shew her wit incomparable;

*All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen. —

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:

'I know, I am too mean to be your queen;

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons
should call you — father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters
call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

'Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his
shrift. [*Aside.*

Cla. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for
shift. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we
two have had.

**Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks
very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should
marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the
least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder
lasts.

'*Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell
you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is
taken,

'And brought your prisoner to your palace
gate.

'*K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the
Tower: —

'And go we, brothers, to the man that took
him,

'To question of his apprehension. —

'Widow, go you along; — Lords, use her
honourable.

[*Exeunt King EDWARD, Lady GREY, CLAR.
and Lord.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and
all,

'That from his loins no hopeful branch may
spring,

'To cross me from the golden time I look for!

'And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,

*(The lustful Edward's title buried)

'Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Ed-
ward,

'And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

'To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

*Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;

*Like one that stands upon a promontory,

*And spies a far-off shore where he would
tread,

*Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

*And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,

*Saying — he'll lade it dry to have is way:

*So do I wish the crown, being so far off;

*And so I chide the means that keep me from
it;

*And so I say — I'll cut the causes off,

*Flattering me with impossibilities. —

*My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too
much,

*Unless my hand and strength could equal
them.

* Well, say there is no kingdom then for
Richard;

* What other pleasure can the world afford?

'I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

'And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and
looks.

'O miserable thought! and more unlikely,

'Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

'And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

'She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

'To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;

'To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

'To shape my legs of an unequal size;

* To disproportion me in every part,

* Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,

* That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?

'O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

* Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,

* But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

* As are of better person than myself,

* I'll make my heaven — to dream upon the
crown;

* And, whiles I live, to account this world but
hell,

* Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this
head,

* Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

* And yet I know not how to get the crown,

* For many lives stand between me and home:

* And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,

* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the
thorns;

* Seeking a way, and straying from the way;

* Not knowing how to find the open air,

* But toiling desperately to find it out, —
* Torment myself to catch the English crown:
* And from that torment I will free myself,
* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
‘ And cry, content, to that which grieves my
heart;
* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
* And frame my face to all occasions.
* I’ll drown more sailors than the mermaid
shall;
* I’ll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
* I’ll play the orator as well as Nestor,
* Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
* And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
‘ Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
‘ And set the murd’rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
‘ Tut! were it further off, I’ll pluck it down.
[Exit.

S C E N E III.

France. *A Room in a Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended: the King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD.

‘ K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
[rising.

‘ Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
‘ And birth, that thou should’st stand, while
Lewis doth sit.

- * *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now
Margaret
- * Must strike her sail, and learn a while to
serve,
- * Where kings command. I was, I must con-
fess,
- * Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
- * But now mischance hath trod my title down,
- * And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
- * Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
- * And to my humble seat conform myself.
- * *K. Lew.* Why, say, fair queen, whence
springs this deep despair?
- * *Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine
eyes with tears,
- * And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd
in cares.
- * *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like
thyself,
- * And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[Seats her by him.
- * To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
- * Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
- * Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
- * It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.
- * *Q. Mar.* Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts,
- * And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to
speak.
- * Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lew-
is, —
- * That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
- * Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
- * And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
- * While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
- * Usurps the regal title, and the seat
- * Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
- * This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret, —
- * With

* With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir, —

* Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

* And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:

* Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

* Our people and our peers are both mis-led,

* Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,

* And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,

* While we bethink a means to break it off.

* *Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

* *K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:

* And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

* *K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[descending from his state. Queen Mar. rises.]

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;

* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

* *War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,

I come, — in kindness, and unfeigned love, —

First, to do greetings to thy royal person;

And, then, to crave a league of amity;

And, lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is
 done.

War. And, gracious madam, [to Bona.] in our
 king's behalf,

'I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, — and lady Bona, —
 hear me speak,

'Before you answer Warwick. His demand
 * Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest
 love,

* But from deceit, bred by necessity :

* For how can tyrants safely govern home,

* Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

* To prove him tyrant, this reason may suf-
 fice, —

* That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,

* Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's
 son.

* Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league
 and marriage

* Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:

* For though usurpers sway the rule a while,

* Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth
 wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
 And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of
 Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
'Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile
at that.

But for the rest. — You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against
thy liege,

'Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
right,

Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious
doom

'My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
'When nature brought him to the door of
death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
Oxford,

'Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
'While I use further conference with Warwick.

* *Q. Mar.* Heavens grant, that Warwick's words
bewitch him not!

[retiring with the Prince and Oxf.]

* *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,

'Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
'To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's
eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

* *K. Lew.* Then further, — all dissembling set
aside,

'Tell me for truth the measure of his love

'Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseeem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—

That this his love was an eternal plant;

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's

sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
mine: —

Yet I confess, *[to Warwick.]* that often ere this
day,

When I have heard your king's desert re-
counted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus, — Our sister
shall be Edward's;

* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

*Touching the jointure that your king must make,

*Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd: —

Draw near, queen Margaret; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

**Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

*By this alliance to make void my suit;

*Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

**K. Lew.* And still is friend to him and Margaret:

*But if your title to the crown be weak, —

*As may appear by Edward's good success, —

*Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd

*From giving aid, which late I promised.

*Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand.

*That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;

Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen, —

You have a father able to maintain you;

And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

**Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick;

*Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!

*I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears,

*Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold

*Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

*For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us,
or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague. —
These from our king unto your majesty. —
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I
know not.

[To Margaret. They all read their letters.

Oaf. I like it well, that our fair queen and
mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at
his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he
were nettled:

*I hope, all's for the best.

**K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and
yours, fair queen?

**Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart with
unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-
content.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the
lady Grey?

*And now, to scotch your forgery and his,

*Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

*Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

*Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

**Q. Mar.* I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's
honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, — in sight
of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly blifs, —
That I am clear from this misdeed of
Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame. —

Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
'And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
* Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
* And, to repair my honour lost for him,
* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
'My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd
my hate to love;

'And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
'And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
friend,

That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

* And as for Clarence, — as my letters tell me,

* He's very likely now to fall from him;

* For matching more for wanton lust than
honour,

* Or than for strength and safety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-
veng'd,

* But by thy help to this distressed queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how shall poor
Henry live,

* Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this English queen's,
are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king, —
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:

* *Thou* seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mes.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick;

Thou, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:

* And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

* And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

'Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—

'What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty; —

That, if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion: —

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

Shall waft them over with our royal fleet. —

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE,
and Others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what
think you

Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

**Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?*

**Cla.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence
to France;

**How could he stay till Warwick made return?*

**Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes
the king.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady
Grey, as queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD,
HASTINGS, and Others.*

**Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

**Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I
think.

**K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like
you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl
of Warwick;

*Which are so weak of courage, and in judg-
ment,*

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

**K. Edw.* Suppose, they take offence without
a cause,

'They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,

'Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

'*Glo.* And shall have your will, because our king:

'Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

'*Glo.* Not I:

'No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd

'Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

'*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,

'Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey

'Should not become my wife, and England's queen: —

'And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

'Speak freely what you think.

'*Clar.* Then this is my opinion, — that king Lewis

'Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

'About the marriage of the lady Bona.

'*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

'Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

'*K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

'By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of
itself

England is safe, if true within itself?

** Mont.* But the safer, when it is back'd with
France.

** Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting
France:

** Let us be back'd with God, and with the
seas,*

** Which he hath given for fence impregnable,*

** And with their helps only defend ourselves;*

** In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.*

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well
deserves

'To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

' K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will,
and grant;

** And, for this once, my will shall stand for
law.*

' Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not
done well,

'To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales

'Unto the brother of your loving bride;

'She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:

'But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

' Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd
the heir

'Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

*'And leave your brothers to go speed else
where.*

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a
wife,

*'That thou art malecontent? I will provide
thee.*

' Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd
your judgment:

'Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

'To play the broker in mine own behalf;

‘And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

‘*K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will
be king,

‘And not be ty’d unto his brother’s will.

‘*Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas’d his ma-
jesty

‘To raise my state to title of a queen,

‘Do me but right, and you must all confess

‘That I was not ignoble of descent,

* And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

* But as this title honours me and mine,

* So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

* Do cloud my joys with danger and with sor-
row.

‘*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns:

‘What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

‘So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

‘And their true sovereign, whom they must
obey?

‘Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee
too,

‘Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:

‘Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

‘And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

* *Glo.* I hear, yet say not much, but think
the more. [Aside.

Enter a Messenger.

‘*K. Edw.* Now, messenger, what letters, or
what news,

From France?

‘*Mes.* My sovereign liege, no letters; and few
words,

‘But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

- 'K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore,
in brief,
'Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them.
'What answer makes king Lewis unto our let-
ters?

Mes. At my depart, these were his very
words;

*Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king, —
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.*

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks
me Henry.

- 'But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mes. These were her words, utter'd with mild
disdain:

*Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.*

'K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say
little less;

- 'She had the wrong. But what said Henry's
queen?

'For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mes. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds
are done,

And I am ready to put armour on.

'K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the
Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

'Mes. He, more incens'd against your majesty

- 'Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these
words;

*Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.*

'K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out
so proud words?

- 'Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:

'They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

'But say, is Warwick friend with Margaret?

Mes. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

'That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

*Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

*For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

*That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

*I may not prove inferior to yourself. —

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.*]

**Glo.* Not I:

*My thoughts aim at a further matter; I

*Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

*Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

*And haste is needful in this desperate case. —

'Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

'Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

'They are already, or quickly will be landed:

'Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*]

'But, ere I go, Hastings, — and Montague, —

'Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

'Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:

'Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?

'If it be so, then both depart to him;

'I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:

'But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

'Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
'That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

'*K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
'Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;

And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;

Else

Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall
be thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
* That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
* With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds;
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
* And seize himself; I say not — slaughter him,
* For I intend but only to surprize him. --
' You, that will follow me to this attempt,
' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry, Henry!*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and saint
George!
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the king's tent.

* *I. Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man
take his stand;

Vol. V.

O

*The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

*2. *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

*1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow

*Never to lie and take his natural rest,

*Till Warwick, or himself, be quite supprest.

*2. *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

*If Warwick be so near as men report.

*3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,

*That with the king here resteth in his tent?

*1. *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

*3. *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,

*That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

*While he himself keeps in the cold field?

*2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

*3. *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,

*I like it better than a dangerous honour.

*If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

*'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

*1. *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

*2. *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

*But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and forces.

'*War.* This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

'Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

‘But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

*2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all — Warwick!*

Warwick! and set upon the guard; who fly, crying — Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them.

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the king out in a gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.

‘*Som.* What are they that fly there?

‘*War.* Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here’s the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when, we parted last,

Thou call’dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter’d:

‘When you disgrac’d me in my ambassade,

‘Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

*Nor how to study for the people’s welfare;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?

**K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

*Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down. —

‘Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

‘Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

‘Edward will always bear himself as king:

*Though fortune’s malice overthrow my state,

*My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

- War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*]
 But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
 * And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow. —
- 'My lord of Somerset, at my request,
 'See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
 'Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
 'When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
 'I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 'Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him: —
 Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.
- * *K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
 * It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
 [*Exit king Edward, led out; Somerset with him.*]
- * *Oxf.* What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
 * But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
 'To free king Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

- '*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
 ' *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
 'What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against
Warwick?

* *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loss of his own royal
person.

* *Riv.* Then is my sovereign slain?

* *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
prisoner;

* Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,

* Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

* And, as I further have to understand,

* Is now committed to the bishop of York,

* Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

* *Riv.* These news, I must confess, are full of
grief:

* Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;

* Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope must hinder life's
decay.

* And I the rather wean me from despair,

* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

* This is it that makes me bridle passion,

* And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

* And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

* Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

* King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
crown.

* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then
become?

* *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards
London,

* To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

* Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends
must down.

* But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,

* (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)

* I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

* To save at least the heir of Edward's right;

‘There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
 ‘Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
 ‘If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir William STANLEY, and Others.

‘*Glo.* Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
 ‘Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 ‘Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
 ‘Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
 ‘Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 ‘He hath good usage and great liberty;
 ‘And often, but attended with weak guard,
 ‘Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 ‘I have advertis’d him by secret means,
 ‘That if, about this hour, he make this way,
 ‘Under the colour of his usual game,
 ‘He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
 ‘To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

‘*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
 ‘*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand. —
 ‘Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,

'Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

'*Glo.* Brother, the time and case requireth haste;

'Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

'*K. Edw.* But whither shall we then?

'*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

'*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

'*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness,

* *Glo.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

'*K. Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

'*Hunt.* Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

'*K. Edw.* Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

* Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

* And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

* My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their
sovereigns;

* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

* I then crave pardon of your majesty.

* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well using
me?

* Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kind-
ness,

* For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

* Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

* At last, by notes of household harmony,

* They quite forget their loss of liberty. —

* But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;

* He was the author, thou the instrument.

* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,

* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;

* And that the people of this blessed land

* May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;

* Warwick, although my head still wear the
crown,

* I here resign my government to thee,

* For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

* *War.* Your grace hath still been fam'd for
virtuous;

* And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

* By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,

* For few men rightly temper with the stars:

* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the
sway,

* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,

* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,

* As likely to be blest in peace, and war;

* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

- * *War.* And I choose Clarence only for protector.
- * *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
- * Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
- * That no dissention hinder government:
‘I make you both protectors of this land;
‘While I myself will lead a private life,
‘And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin’s rebuke, and my Creator’s praise.
- War.* What answers Clarence to his sovereign’s will?
- * *Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
- * For on thy fortune I repose myself.
- * *War.* Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:
- * We’ll yoke together, like a double shadow
* To Henry’s body, and supply his place;
* I mean, in bearing weight of government,
* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
- * Forthwith that Edward be pronounc’d a traitor,
* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
- Clar.* What else? and that succession be determin’d.
- * *War.* Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
- * *K. Hen.* But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
- * Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
* That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
- * Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
* My joy of liberty is half eclips’d.

* *Clar.* It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

* *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

* Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

* *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

* *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers

[Lays his hand on his head.

* Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

* This pretty lad will prove our country's blifs.

* His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

* His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

* His hand to wield a scepter; and himself

* Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,

* Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?

* *Mes.* That Edward is escaped from your brother,

* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

* *War.* Un-avoury news: But how made he escape?

* *Mes.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,

* And the lord Hastings, who attended him

* In secret ambush on the forest side,

* And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;

* For hunting was his daily exercise.

* *War.* My brother was too careless of his charge. —

* But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

* A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt K. HEN. WAR. CLA. Lieu. and Att.*

- * *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of
Edward's;
* For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;
* And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
* As Henry's late presaging prophecy
* Did glad my heart, with hope of this young
Richmond;
* So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
* What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
* Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
* Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
* Till storms be past of civil enmity.
* *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
* 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall
down.
* *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
* Come therefore, let's about it speedily.
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Before York.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,
and forces.*

- ' *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings,
and the rest;
' Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
' And says — that once more I shall interchange
' My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
' Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
' And brought desired help from Burgundy:
' What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
' From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of
York,
' But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

'*Glo.* The gates made fast! — Brother, I like not this;

*For many men, that stumble at the threshold,

*Are well foretold — that danger lurks within.

**K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us;

*By fair or foul means we must enter in,

*For hither will our friends repair to us.

**Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

'*May.* My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,

'And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;

'For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

'*K. Edw.* But, master mayor, if Henry be your king.

'Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

'*May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

'*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;

*As being well content with that alone.

'*Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his nose,

'He'll soon find means to make the body follow. *[Aside.*

'*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

'*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. *[Exeunt, from above.*

'*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

**Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,

- * So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
* I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

- 'K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must
not be shut,
'But in the night, or in the time of war.
'What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[takes his keys.
'For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
'And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and forces,
marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

'K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! But why come
you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of
storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

'Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we
now forget

'Our title to the crown; and only claim

'Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

'Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke. —

'Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[A march begun.

'K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and
we'll debate,

'By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

'Mont. What talk you of debating? in few
words,

'If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
'I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

'*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
nice points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow stronger, then we'll
make our claim:

*Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

* *Hast.* Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
must rule.

* *Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns,

* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

* The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my
right,

* And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd: —

* Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[gives him a paper. Flourish.

Sold. [reads.] Edward the fourth, by the grace
of God, king of England and France, and lord of
Ireland, etc.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's
right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[throws down his gauntlet.

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

'*K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery; — and
thanks unto you all.

'If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

'Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

'And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V I I I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE,
EXETER, and OXFORD.*

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from
Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to
London;

'And many giddy people flock to him.

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back
again,

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted
friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: — and thou, son Cla-
rence,

'Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
'The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—

'Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
'Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
'Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st: —

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. —
My sovereign, with the loving citizens, —
* Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs, —
Shall rest in London, till we come to him. —
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply. —
Farewel, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's
true hope.

* *Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'
hand.

* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord; — and so I take
my leave.

* *Oxf.* And thus [*kissing Henry's hand.*] I seal
my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.

* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,

* Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.

* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

* Nor

- * Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
- * My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
- * My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
- * My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:
- * I have not been desirous of their wealth,
- * Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
- * Nor forward of revenge, though they much
err'd;
- * Then why should they love Edward more than
me?
- * No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
- * And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
- * The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are
these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

* *K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear
him hence,

* And once again proclaim us king of England. —

* You are the fount, that makes small brooks to
flow;

* Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them
dry,

* And swell so much the higher by their ebb. —

* Hence with him to the Tower; let him not
speak.

[*Exeunt some with king HENRY.*]

* And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our
course,

* Where peremptory Warwick now remains:

* The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

* Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,

* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

‘1. *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

‘2. *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John SOMERVILLE.

‘*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

‘And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

‘*Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

‘And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*]

‘*War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

**Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;

*The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and forces, marching.

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

' *Glo.* See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

'Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee? —

'Call Edward — king, and at his hands beg mercy,

'And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

'*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down? —

Call Warwick — patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least he would have said — the king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;

* I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

'*War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's
prisoner:

‘And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this, —
What is the body, when the head is off?

‘*Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-
cast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

‘The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick
still.

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel
down, kneel down.

* *Nay*, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a
blow,

* And with the other fling it at thy face,

* Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have wind and
tide thy friend;

* This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black
hair,

* Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut
off,

* Write in the dust this sentence with thy
blood, —

‘*Wind-changing Warwick now can change no
more.*

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

* *War.* O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford
comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXF. and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

* Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

Glo. If not, the city being but of small defence,

* We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

* *War.* O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

* Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;

* My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest,

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence
sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;

* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,

* More than the nature of a brother's love:

* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[taking his red rose out of his hat.]

'Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
 I will not ruinate my father's house,
 Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
 'And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou,
 Warwick,
 'That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
 'To bend the fatal instruments of war
 'Against his brother, and his lawful king?
 * Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 * To keep that oath, were more impiety
 * Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 * I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 * That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 * I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 * With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
 * (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
 * To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks. —
 'Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 'And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 'For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

'K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times
 more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

'Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-
 like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the
 town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

'War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
leads the way: —
Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory!
[*March. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I.I.

A field of battle near Barnet.

*Alarums, and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD,
bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die
our fear;
* For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all. —
* Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend,
or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
* My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading
tree,
* And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
wind.
* These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,
* Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
* To search the secret treasons of the world:

'I well might hear deliver'd with a groan, —

'O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest his soul! — fly, lords, and
save yourselves;

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
heaven. [Dies.]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's body.*]

S C E N E III.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph; with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

'K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
course,

'And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

'But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

'I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,

'That will encounter with our glorious sun,

'Ere he attain his easeful western bed:

'I mean, my lords, — those powers, that the
queen

'Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,

'And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

**Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud,

*And blow it to the source from whence it came:

*Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;

*For every cloud engenders not a storm.

**Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thousand
strong,

'And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;

'If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,

Her faction will be full as strong as ours,

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends,

That they do hold their course toward Tewks-
bury;

'We, having now the best at Barnet field,

'Will thither straight, For willingness rids way;

'And, as we march, our strength will be aug-
mented

In every county, as we go along. —

Strike up the drum; cry — Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter *Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD,*
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wail their loss,

* But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

'What though the mast be now blown over-
board,

'The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,

'And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

'Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he

'Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

* With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

* And give more strength to that which hath too
much;

* Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the
rock,

* Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

* Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

'Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?

- 'And Montague our top-mast; What of him?
'Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?
'Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
'And Somerset another goodly mast?
'The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
'And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
'For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
'We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
'But keep our course, though the rough wind
say — no,
'From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
'As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
'And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
'What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?
'And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
'All these the enemies to our poor bark.
'Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
'Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
'Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
'Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
'This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
'In case some one of you would fly from us,
'That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
'More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
'Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
*Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
'Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
'Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
'And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
'I speak not this, as doubting any here:

March. Enter, at a distance, King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and forces.

‘K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,
‘Which, by the heavens’ assistance, and your
strength,

‘Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

* I need not add more fuel to your fire,

* For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:

* Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what
I should say,

‘My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

‘Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.

‘Therefore, no more but this: — Henry, your
sovereign,

‘Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp’d,

‘His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

‘His statutes cancell’d, and his treasure spent;

‘And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

‘You fight in justice: then, in God’s name, lords,

‘Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*]

S C E N E V.

Another part of the same.

Alarums; Excursions; and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

‘K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes’ castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

'Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

'*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*

* *Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this troublous world,

* To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made, — that, who finds Edward,

* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

* *Glo.* It is; and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:

* What! can so young a thorn begin to prick? —

'Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

'For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

* And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

'*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

'K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:

Lascivious Edward, — and thou perjur'd George, —

And thou mishapen Dick, — I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are; —

* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*]

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Glo. stabs him.*]

* *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. [*Clar. stabs him.*]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*]

'K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

'K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

'I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

'Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower!

[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

'Canst thou not speak? — O traitors! murderers! —

They, that stabb'd Caesar, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

*If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

'He was a man; this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

'What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

*No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak: —

*And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. —

*Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

*How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

'You have no children, butchers; if you had,

'The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

'But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

'As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not? — then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

'*Q. Mar.* Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

'Twas

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

'What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's
butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

'K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her
hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this
prince! [Exit, led out forcibly.]

'K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

'Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his
head.

'Now march we hence: discharge the common
sort

'With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

'And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

'By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

*King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his
hand, Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.*

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book
so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should
say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

'And both preposterous; therefore, not good
lord.

*Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must
confer. [Exit Lieutenant.]

Vol. V.

Q

* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from
the wolf:

* So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife. —
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

* *K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a
bush,

* With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught,
and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of
Crete,

* That taught his son the office of a fowl?
* And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

* *K. Hen.* I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;
* The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
* Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
* Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
* My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history. —
* But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

* *Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
* If murdering innocents be executing,
* Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou
didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
* And thus I prophesy, — that many a thousand,
* Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

'And many an old man's sigh, and many a
widow's,

'And many an orphan's water-standing eye, —

'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'
fate,

'And orphans for their parents' timeless death, —

'Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

'The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

'To wit, — an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast
born,

To signify, -- thou cam'st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

'Thou cam'st —

Glo. I'll hear no more; — Die, prophet, in thy
speech; [Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have
mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's
death!

'O, may such purple tears be always shed

'From those that wish the downfal of our
house! —

'If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say — I sent thee
thither, *[Stabs him again.]*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. —

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward:

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,

O, Jesus blefs us, he is born with teeth!

'And so I was; which plainly signify'd —

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

'Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body
so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother:

'And this word — love, which grey-beards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me; I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the
light;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buz abroad such prophecies,

'That Edward shall be fearful of his life;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:

'Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;

Counting myself but bad, till I be best. —

'I'll throw thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen ELIZABETH with the infant Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Others, near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions:

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,

And two Northumberlands; two braver men

Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:

'With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,

And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

And made our footstool of security. —

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy: —

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;

'Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back: —

Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.

[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;

And kifs your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty, I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,

'Witness the loving kifs I give the fruit: —

To say the truth, so Judas kifs'd his master;

[*Aside.*

'And cry'd — all hail! when as he meant — all harm.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights, Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,

Such as befit the pleasures of the court? —

Sound, drums and trumpets! — farewell, sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*



K I N G R I C H A R D I I I .

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*. * THIS tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485.

Persons Represented.

King Edward the Fourth.

Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards } *Sons to the king.*
King Edward V.

Richard, duke of York,

George, duke of Clarence,

Richard, duke of Gloster, afterwards } *Brothers to the*
King Richard III. } *king.*

A young son of Clarence.

Henry, earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Archbishop of York. Bishop of Ely.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk: Earl of Surrey, his son.

Earl Rivers, brother to King Edward's Queen:

Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her sons.

Earl of Oxford.

Lord Hastings.

Lord Stanley.

Lord Lovel.

Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir Richard Ratcliff.

Sir William Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.

Sir James Blount. Sir Walter Herbert.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Christopher Urswick, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, Queen of King Edward IV.

Margaret, widow of King Henry VI.

Dutcheffs of York, mother to King Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloster.

Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the duke of Gloster.

A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, etc.

S C E N E, England.

L I F E A N D D E A T H
O F
K I N G R I C H A R D I I I.

A C T I . S C E N E I .

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. **N**OW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;

And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, — that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
jesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them; —
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:

And therefore, — since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days, —
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd
up;

About a prophesy, which says — that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Cla-
rence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed
guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is — George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I
protest,

As yet I do not; But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophesies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says — a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by
women: —

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man
secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking
heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what, — I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-
women,

Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon
me;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship,
Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man; — We say, the
king

Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous: —
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
And cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
tongue;

And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-
folks:

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought
to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I
tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave: — Would'st thou
betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me;
and, withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must
obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in, —

Were it, to call king Edward's widow —
sister, —

I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be
long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLAR. BRAK. and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er
return,

Simple, plain Clarence! — I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.

But who comes here? the new - deliver'd
Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious
lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home; —

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,

And

And leave the world for me to bustle in!
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest
 daughter:

What though I kill'd her husband; and her
 father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is — to become her husband, and her father:
 The which will I; not all so much for love,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market:
 Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and
 reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my
 gains: [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

*Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an
 open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard
 it; and Lady ANNE as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
 load, —

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse, —
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster. —
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
 wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes: —
 O, cursed be the hand, that made these holes!
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from
 hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and
 thee! —

Come, now, towards Chertsey with your holy
 load.

Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
 [*The Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it
 down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
 fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by saint
 Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

I. Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the
 coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I
command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all
afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries: —
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh! —
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood
dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural. —
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his
death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the mur-
derer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry. —

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Why then, they are not dead;

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her
breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous
tongue,

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody
mind,

Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God
grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that
hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt
never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send
him thither;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me
name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. — But, gentle lady Anne, —
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method; —
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue
to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it
with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward; —

[*She again offers at his breast.*]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy
death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[She puts on the ring.]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where — after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears, —
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys
me too,

To see you are become so penitent. —
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt Lady ANNE, and two Gentlemen.]

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

2. Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming.

[Exeunt the rest, with the corse.]

And then return lamenting to my love. —
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and
Lord GREY.*

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt,
his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide
of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham
and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say — amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slander of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham
and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well! — But that
will never be; —
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it: —

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks
your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor
grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee
wrong? —

Or thee? — or thee? — or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace, —
Whom God preserve better than you would
wish! —

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd com-
plaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the
matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; — The world is grown
so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not
perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your mean-
ing, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need
of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth
a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him, that rais'd me to this care-
ful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the
cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for —

Glo. She may, lord Rivers? — why, who
knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, — ay, marry,
may she —

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty

With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid,

Than a great queen, with this condition —

To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his,
or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster; —
And, Rivers, so were you: — Was not your
husband

In Margaret's battle at saint Albans slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you
are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou
art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself, — Which Jesu pardon! —

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the
crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like
Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
this world,

Thou cacodaemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be? -- I had rather be a
pedlar:

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You

You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient. — [*advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like sub-
jects;

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like re-
bels? —

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou
in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
marr'd;

That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of
death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me, —
And thou, a kingdom; — all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee, —
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his
eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-
land; —

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his,
or thine.

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And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-
land; —

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that
babe,

And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was
reported.

Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to
see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before
I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses! —

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,

For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—

Rivers, — and Dorset, — you were standers by, —

And so wast thou, lord Hastings, — when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray
him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful
wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for
thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested —

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no
reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in — Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of
my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd
toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick
curse;

Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be
taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do
me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-
jects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that
duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are
malapert;

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; — learn it, learn
it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as
me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born
so high,

Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; — alas!
alas! —

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy
wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest: —

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for
charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to
me;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame, —

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy
hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he
bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on
him;

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. —

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother; She hath had to much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do some body good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;

He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains; —

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion, To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd; —

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you, — And for your grace, — and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come: — Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
 Clarence, — whom I, indeed, have laid in dark-
 nefs, —

I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
 And tell them — 'tis the queen and her allies,
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil;
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners. —
 How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

I. Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have
 the warrant,
 That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about
 me: [*gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
 But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
 For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

I. Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand
 to prate,
 Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools'
 eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads; — about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.

I. *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt,

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in fall-
ling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-
board,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
holes,

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd
by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I
strive

To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick;

Who cry'd aloud, — *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud, —
Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjur'd Cla-
rence, —

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments! —
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
 you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these
 things, —

That now give evidence against my soul, —
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites
 me! —

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor
 children! —

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace
 good rest! —

[*Clarence reposes himself on a chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
 night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1. *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how
cam'st thou hither?

1. *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2. *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than
tedious: — Shew him our commission, talk no
more. [*A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who
reads it.*]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands: —
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys; — there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fate you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*]

2. *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

2. *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall
never wake until the great judgment day.

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him
sleeping.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment,
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for
it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the
which no warrant can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1. *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2. *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1. *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1. *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1. *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2. *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1. *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2. *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1. *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Strike.

1. *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to, —

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd

'The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1. *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear;

Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest. — Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune. And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul, To counsel me to make my peace with God, And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind, That thou wilt war with God by murdering me? —

Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish. —

Which of you, if you were a prince's son, Being pent from liberty, as I am now, — If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, —

Would not entreat for life? —

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress,
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2. *Murd.*

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will
not do, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dis-
spatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you
have been.

2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd
his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou
art. —

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.

K. Edw. Why, so: — now have I done a good day's work; —

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this, —

Nor your son Dorset, — Buckingham, nor you; —
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; — I will never more
remember

Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him, — Hastings,
love lord marquiss.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*embraces Dorset.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league •

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his
hate

Upon your grace, [*to the Queen.*] but with all
duteous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,

When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*embracing Rivers, etc.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Bucking-
ham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day: —

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege. —

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service; —

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; —

Of you, lord Rivers, — and lord Grey, of you, —

That all without desert have frown'd on me; —

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night;

I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter: —

I would to God, all strifes were well compounded. —

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried: —

God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I prythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,

Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon,
 pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you: —
 But for my brother, not a man would speak, —
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. — The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life. —
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for
 this. —

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
 Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen, HAST. RIV. DOR.
 and GREY.*]

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! — Mark'd
 you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter the Dutchess of YORK, with a son and daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat
your breast?

And cry, — O Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,

And call us — orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
both;

I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth
love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle
Gloster

Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is
this?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS,
and DORSET, after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and
weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impa-
tience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. —
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their
sap? —

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the
king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy
sorrow,

As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine
arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's
death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left un-
moan'd,

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the
world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord
Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and
he's gone,

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and
he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they
are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they: —
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much dis-
pleas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common wordly things, 'tis call'd — ungrate-
ful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for
him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HAST-
INGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them. —

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace: — Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God blefs thee; and put meeknefs in
thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old
man! —

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;

[*Aside.*

I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be
fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of
Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break
out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungo-
vern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of
us;

And the compact is firm, and true, in me,

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:

Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to
Ludlow.

Madam, — and you my mother, — will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:

For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the
prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither
away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir,

3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2. *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3. *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1. *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father
and mother.

3. *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his
father;

Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud :

And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all
will be well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put
on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of
fear :

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of
YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutcheſs of
York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at North-
ampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the
prince;

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of
York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to
grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at
supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle
Gloster,

*Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
apace:*

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make
haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did
not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was
young,

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be
gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious
madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers
doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been re-
member'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd
mine.

Dutch. How, my young York, I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast. That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old; 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth. Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse, why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: — Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster, and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd; Why, or for what, the nobles were committed, Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The

The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne: —
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: — O, prepos-
terous

And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanc-
tuary. —

Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [to the Queen.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, and Others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy: I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God blefs your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; — and thank you all. —

[Exeunt Mayor, etc.]

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way: —
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your
grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? — Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, — lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak
oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
 Too ceremonious, and traditional:
 Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
 You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
 The benefit thereof is always granted
 To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
 And those who have the wit to claim the place:
 This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd
 it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
 You break no privilege nor charter there.
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
 But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
 once. --

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste
 you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and HASTINGS.*

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
 If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
 Then where you please, and shall be thought
 most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any
 place: --

Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
 Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
 Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long. [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice. Iniquity, } [*Aside.*]
I moralize two meanings in one word. }

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down, to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life. —
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. [*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:

Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk; —

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me: —

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself :

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along ?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,

Will to your mother ; to entreat of her,

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HAST. Card. and Att.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother,

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous
boy ;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. — Come, hither,
Catesby ; thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart :

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the
prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley?
will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed
I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we
sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [Exit CATESBY.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; — somewhat we will do: —

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hasting's House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord! — [knocking.]

Hast. [within.] Who knocks?

Mes. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [within.] What is't o'clock?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then, —

Mes. And then he sends you word,
 He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm;
 Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
 And that may be determin'd at the one,
 Which may make you and him to rue at the
 other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
 pleasure, —
 If presently you will take horse with him,
 And with all speed post with him toward the
 north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
 Bid him not fear the separated councils:
 His honour, and myself, are at the one;
 And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting in-
 stance:

And for his dreams — I wonder, he's so fond
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you
 say. [Exit.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early
 stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering
 state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou
mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from
my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you
forward.

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—

That, this same very day, your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious
mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month
hence, —

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it
out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do

With some men else, who think themselves as
safe

As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of
you, —
For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well
deserv'd it. [*Aside.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear,
man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; — good mor-
row, Catesby: —

You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
'This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is
spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. — Wot
you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear
their heads,
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their
hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt STANLEY, and CATESBY.]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. — *[throwing him his purse.]*

Purs. I thank your honour. *[Exit Pursuivant.]*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy
man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay
there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner
there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st
it not. *[Aside.]*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee
this, —

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack
of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this
hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody
prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was back'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon
our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd
she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard: — O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons, —

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey, — come, Vaughan, — let
us here embrace:

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely,*
CATESBY, LOVEL, and *Others, sitting at a table:*
Officers of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we
are met

Is — to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts, —

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine: —
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part, —

I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well. —

My

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my
heart. [Exit ELY.]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with
you.

[Exit GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of
triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth
this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his
face,

By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is
offended;

For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
(Of dammed witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my
lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their
evil,

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord, —

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned
strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs? — Thou art a
traitor: —

Off with his head: — now, by saint Paul I
swear,

I will not dine until I see the same. —

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done; —

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and
BUCKINGHAM.*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit
for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream the boar did raise his helm:
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings wretched head.

Cate. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be
at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head,

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of
God!

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to
exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard! — miserable Eng-
land!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. —

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my
head;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The same. The Tower-walls.

Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. Come cousin, canst thou quake, and
change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word, —
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor
along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. — Lord
mayor, —

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum!

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent
for you, —

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and
guard us!

Enter LOVEL, and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS'S head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff,
and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must
weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of
virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted, —
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife, —
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
traitor

That ever liv'd. -- Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infi-
dels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his
death;

And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should
die,

Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of this treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham,
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all
post: —

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying — he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his lustful eve, or savage heart,
Without controul, list'd to make his prey
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person: —
Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York.
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord: I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor
Shaw, —

Go thou [to Cat.] to friar Penker; — bid them
both

Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exeunt LOVEL, and CATESBY.]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*A Street.**Enter a Scrivener.*

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord
Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engros'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together: —
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Cateby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamind, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! — Who is so

gross.

That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says — he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.**Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the
citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy, —
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments, —
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry — *God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful
silence:

His answer was, — the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again; —
Thus said the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some follower of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Ri-*
chard!

And thus I took the vantage of those few, —
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,

*Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.*

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they;
Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren,
come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand: Intend
some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my
lord;

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor
knocks. [Exit GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal. —

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby? what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble
lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise. —

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again; —

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

Exit CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men

Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a balcony, above, between two
Bishops. CATSBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity:

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;

True ornaments to know a holy man. —

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

Lend favourable ear to our requests;

And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;

I rather do beseech you pardon me,

Who, earnest in the service of my God,

Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope; which pleaseth God
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,

That seems disgracious in the city's eye;

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might
please your grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,

The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,

The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer, — you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, — to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last, —
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;

Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat
you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd
love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful
suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares
on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty: —
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates, —
Yet know, wher' you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you; —
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept
their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [*Exit CAT.*
Albeit against my conscience and my soul. —

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, — and sage, grave men, —
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blos and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God blefs your grace! we see it, and will
say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title, —
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be
crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will
have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your
grace;

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again: —

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewel, good cousin; — farewel, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, ANNE Dutchess of Gloster, leading Lady Margaret PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young daughter.

Dutch. Who meets us here? — my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince. —
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I
guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all
together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. —
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your
patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;

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The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that king-ly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens. —
Come, madam. you must straight to Westminster,
[To the dutchess of Gloster.]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: — Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
 And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
 Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
 Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
 And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
 Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
 madam: —

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
 You shall have letters from me to my son
 In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
 Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery! —
 O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
 A lockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
 Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was
 sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go. —
 O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
 And die, ere men can say — God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy
 glory;
 To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why? — When he, that is my
 husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from
 his hands,
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
 And that dead saint which then I weeping fol-
 low'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish, — *Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!

*And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
 And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
 More miserable by the life of thee,
 Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! — [To Dorset.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee! — [To Anne.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [To Q. Eliz.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
 Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
 And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower. —

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
 Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
 Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room of state in the Palace.

*Flourish of trumpets. Richard, as king upon his throne;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. — Cousin of Buckingham, —

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated: —

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed: —

Young Edward lives; — Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live, — true, noble prince! —

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull: —

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this;

I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit. BUCK.*

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his
lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[*descends from his throne.*

And unrespective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes: —
High reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. —
Boy, —

Page. My lord,

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom cor-
rupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty
mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is — Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him
hither, boy. — [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? — well, be it

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it
abroad,

That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter: —

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. —
Look, how thou dream'st! — I say again, give
out,

That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage
me. — *[Exit CATESBY.]*

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass: —
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin,
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. —

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name — Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of
mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two
enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark,
come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token: — Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so: — Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. [Exit.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: — Well,
look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by
promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she
convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just re-
quest?

K. Rich. I do remember me, — Henry the
sixth

Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king! — perhaps —

Buck. My lord, —

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not
at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earl-
dom, —

K. Rich. Richmond! — When last I was at
Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it — Rouge-mont; at which name, I
started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord, —

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in
mind

Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then, resolve me whe'r you will,
or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the
vein. [*Exeunt K. Rich. and Train.*]

Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

*The same.**Enter TYRREL.*

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad
 sto y.

*O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes, —
 Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms:
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
 Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my
 mind;*

*But, O, the devil — there the villain stopp'd;
 When Dighton thus told on, — we smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of nature,
 That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd. —
 Hence both are gone with conscience and
 remorse,*

*They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.*

Enter King RICHARD.

*And here he comes: — All health, my sovereign
 lord!*

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy
 news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in
charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after
supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd
up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good
night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord, —

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st
in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to
Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy
Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me mo-
near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come, — I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fire expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes
here?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutchess of
YORK.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, my, my poor princes! ah, my
tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for
right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe wearied tongue is still and mute. —
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such
gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was
done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry dy'd, and my sweet
son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-
living ghost,
Woe's scene, worlds shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[Sitting down.]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford
a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[Sitting down by her.]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[Sitting down with them.]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: —
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
 Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
 Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb bath crept
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
 That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
 That foul defacer of God's handy work;
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 Young York he is but boot, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
 And the beholders of this tragick play,
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence: —
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time
would come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my
fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was,

The flattering index of a direful pageant,

One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the
queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time;

Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewel, York's wife, — and queen of sad mis-
 chance, —

These English woes shall make me smile in
 France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a
 while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast
 the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them
 with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
 pierce like mine. [*Exit Q. MAR.*

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do im-
 part

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with
 me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smo-
 ther'd. [*Drum, within.*

I hear his drum, — be copious in exclaims.

Enter

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! — strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say. —

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphry Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam. —

Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word
with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore, level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd — Eliza-
beth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her
live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscar'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal
blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say — she is
not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety dy'd her
brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were
opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sail and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bottom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type, of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and
all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
wrongs,

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with
her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter,
from thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her
brothers;

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my
meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,

And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall
be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who
else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it,
madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, — as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt
Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not
the way

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of
her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandson's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your meikle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, — save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but — a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter —
wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset — brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
Whar! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then; my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your ex-
perience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's
brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncl-?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's
King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty
queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever,
last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's
end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet
life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature,
lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes
of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject
low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such
sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being
plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my
loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead; —

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown, —

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world, —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death, —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself, —

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven, —

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time
o'er-past;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast
slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast
butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy
rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Uge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. — Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kifs, and so
farewel.

[*kissing her.* Exit *Queen ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing — woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
duke of Norfolk; —

Ratcliff, thyself, — or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;

When thou com'st thither, — Dull unmindful villain, [To Catesby.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby; — Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. — Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about, When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way? Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by
guese.

K. Rich. Well, as you guese?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword
unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's
heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot
guesse.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your
liege,

You cannot guesse wherefore the Welshman
comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me
not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat
him back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in
the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they
in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the
west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:

I will not trust you, Sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [Exit STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;

And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3. *Mes.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham —

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3. *Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty,

Is, — that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is disper'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

5. *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made,
my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4. *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis
Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your high-
ness, —

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants yea, or no;
Who answered him, they came from Bucking-
ham

Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bre-
tagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are
up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is
taken,

That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we
reason here,

A roval battle might be won and lost: —
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; — the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

Enter STANLEY, and Sir Christopher URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from
me: —

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in
Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend
me to him;

Tell him the queen hath heartily consented

He

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel.

[gives papers to sir Christopher. Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction! —
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doom-day.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.

Vol. V.

A a

That high All-seer which I dally'd with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters'
bosoms :

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with
 sorrow,*

Remember Margaret was a prophetess. —

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
blame. [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, etc.*]

S C E N E II.

Plain near Tamworth.

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD.
Sir James BLUNT, Sir Walter HERBERT, and Others,
with forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
friends.

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful
vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes
his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, — this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:

From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn
to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends
for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Rich. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD, and forces; the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in
Bosworth field. —

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my
looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk, —

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha!
must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving
lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night; [*Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.*]

But where to-morrow? — Well, all's one for that. —

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse faction want. —

Up with the tent. — Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground; —

Call for some men of sound direction: —

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir Willam BRANDON, OXFORD, and other lords. Some of the soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow. —
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard. —

Give me some ink and paper in my tent: —
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford, — you, sir William Brandon, —

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me: —
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment; —
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent: —

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak
with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RAT-
CLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. —
Give me some ink and paper. —
What, is my beaver easier than it was? —
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in
readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, bide thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —

Fill me a bowl of wine: — Give me a watch: —

[To Catesby.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —

Look that my staves be sound, and not too
heavy.

Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. R. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of
wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —
So, set it down. — Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me. — Leave me, I say.

[King RICHARD retires into his tent. Exeunt
RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

*Richmond's Tent opens, and discovers him, and
his officers, etc.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell
upon;

God give us leisure for these rites of love!

Once more, adieu: — Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, etc. with STANLEY.*]

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

[Sleeps.

The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [to K. Richard.

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth

At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die! —
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body [to K. Rich.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die! —
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[to Richm.

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish.

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [to K. Rich.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die! —
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[to Richm.

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[to K. Rich.

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul
despair! [to K. Rich.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty
fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die! —

[to K. Rich.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Rich-
ard's bosom [to Richm.

Will conquer him; awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[to K. Rich.

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die! —

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[to Richm.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die. —

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in
joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Lady Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne
thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

[to Richm.

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the
crown; [to K. Rich.

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terrour of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—
I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:

[to Richm.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out
of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse, — bind up
my wounds, —

Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft; I did but dream. —
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! —
The lights burn blue. — It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No; — Yes; I am:
Then fly, — What, from myself? Great reason:
Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself,
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: — Fool, do not
flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, — Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair. — There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me: —
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord. —

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early vil-
lage cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
dream! —

What think'st thou? will our friends prove all
true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of sha-
dows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terroure to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt K. RICHARD, and RATCLIFF.]

Richmond wakes. Enter OXFORD, and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
— dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cry'd — On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction. — *[He advances to the troops.]*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this, —
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory!
[Exeunt.]

*Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants,
and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.
Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there. — Give me a calendar. —
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by
the book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody. —

Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same
heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLL.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in
the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; — Caparison
my horse; —

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power: —
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either
side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and saint George to boot! — What think'st
thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. —

This found I on my tent this morning.

[giving a scrawl.

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,*

[reads.

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy. —

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our
law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell. —

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal; —

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Britons, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;

You having lands, and blest with beauteous
wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-
selves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Britons; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and
thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters? — Hark, I hear their
 drum. [Drum afar off.]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! —

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within
 my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
 Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and forces; to
 him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue,
 rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger;
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a
 horse!

Cate.

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him: —
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND;
and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then
enter RICHMOND STANLEY, bearing the crown,
with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou
acquit thee!

Lo, here, these long-usurped roalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to
all! —

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester
town;

Whither, if it please you, we may now with-
draw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either
side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord
Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their
births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red: —
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —
What traitor hears me, and says not, — amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly laughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division: —
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say — Amen!

[Exeunt.]



K I N G H E N R Y V I I I .

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♦♦ THIS historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521.) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Catharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Catharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601.

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue observes from Stowe, that „Robert Greene had written something on this story”; but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatick poet, but by some other person. In the list of „authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled,” prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time. quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, etc. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign.

MALONE.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things
now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to
see

Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and will-
ing,

I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,

PROLOGUE.

5

Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher, to Queen Catharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.

Garter, King at Arms.

Surreyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Brandon, and a Serjeant at arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Cryer.

Queen Catharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced:

Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London, and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. GOOD morrow, and well met. How
have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Heathful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of whar I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:

I was then present, saw them salute an horse-
back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now mar-
ry'd

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant all in gold, like beathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns

(For so they phrase them) by their heralds chal-
leng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit;
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was
royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion

Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is
free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver
eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he
that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in him-self.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the
file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in his papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on
them

For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

I. Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

I. Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
 Buckingham
 Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt WOLSEY, and train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
 and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore,
 best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
 only,

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks

Matter against me; and his eye revild
 Me, as his abject object: at this instant
 He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the
 king;

I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
 Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
 A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
 This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
 There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,

In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
 I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
 By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my
 vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform it: his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
 Only to shew his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests the king our master
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
 cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
 As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
 As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-
 cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason,) — Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow, —
 Which I do well, for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was
 granted,

Ere it was ask'd; — but when the way was
 made,

And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus de-
 sir'd; —

That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
 know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry

To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;

I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Serjeant at arms before him,
 and two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,

The

The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis high highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on
me,
Which makes my whitest part black. 'The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
O my lord Abergarny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company: —

The king [to Aber.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you
know

How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,

The will of heaven be done, and the king's
pleasure

By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from

The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;

These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I
hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal

Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd al-
ready:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stobd i' the
level

Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before
us

That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the king's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Cath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a
suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us: — Half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Cath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that
love,

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Cath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been com-
missions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord car-
dinal.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,

Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, — which neither
know

My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, — let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Cath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buck-
ingham

Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once cor-
rupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we,

Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear

(This was his gentleman in trust) of him

Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Cath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard
him

At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he
doubted.

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the king nor
his heirs,*

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Cath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good
heed,

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on: —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's il-
lusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas
dang'rous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, Tush!

*It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.*

*King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: — Canst thou say
further?*

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

*Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer, —*

*King. I remember
Of such a time: — Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. — But on; What
hence?*

*Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been com-
mitted,
As, to the Tower, I thought, — I would have
play'd*

*The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence, which if
granted,*

*As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.*

King. A giant traitor!

*Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
freedom,*

And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

*King. There's something more would out of
thee; What say'st?*

*Surv. After — the duke his father, — with
the knife, —*

*He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,*

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, — Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France
should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our
English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face; but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold them, you would swear
directly,

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A sp i ghalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,

Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom.

How now?

What news, sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would
pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
travel,

And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I
take it,

They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd
at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their
diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whore-
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil niddle them! I am glad, they're
going;

(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doc-
trine:

Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;

But few now give so great ones. My barge
stays;

Your lordship shall along: — Come, good sir
Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door, Anne BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter Sir Henry GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his
grace

Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good wel-
come,

Can make good people. — O, my lord, you are
tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir
Thomas LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal

But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now
confessor

To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;

They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring. — Nay, you must not
freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold
weather: —

My lord Sands, you are one will keep them
waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your lordship. — By your leave,
sweet ladies: [*seats himself between*
Anne Bullen and another lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love
too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord. —

So, now you are fairly seated. — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended;
and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my wel-
come;

And to you all good health. [drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble: —
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neigh-
bours. —

Ladies, you are not merry; — Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall
have them

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk
anon. [Drum and trumpets within:
chambers discharged.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear
not;

By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge,
and landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the
French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct
them

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them: — Some attend
him. —

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and
tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you; — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as
Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen
torch-bearers; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain,
They pass directly before the Cardinal, and grace-
fully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace; — That having heard by
fame

Of

D d

King. You have found him, cardinal:

[unmasking.]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pry'thee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness'
women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweet
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. — A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet
partner.

I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be mer-
ry; —

Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the musick knock
it.

[Exeunt, with trumpets.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*1. *Gen.* Whither away so fast?2. *Gen.* O, — God save you!Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.1. *Gen.* I'll save youThat labour, sir. All's now done, but the cere-
mony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. *Gen.* Were you there?1. *Gen.* Yes, indeed; was I.2. *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?1. *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.2. *Gen.* Is he found guilty?1. *Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd
upon it.2. *Gen.* I am sorry for't.1. *Gen.* So are a number more.2. *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?1. *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great
duke

Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd

To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,

D d 2

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1. *Gen.* The same,
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
could not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2. *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear him-
self?

1. *Gen.* When he was brought again to the
bar, — to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, — he was
stir'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1. *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2. *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will require it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,

The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2. *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous
Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy; —

1. *Gen.* Stay the e, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge towards
him; halberds on each side: with him, Sir Tho-
mas LOVEL, Sir Nicholas VAUX, Sir William
SANDS, and common people.*

2. *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose
me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear
witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more
christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them;
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great
men;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against
them.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. — Lead on, o'God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me
frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive
you,

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no
black envy
Shall make my grave. — Commend me to his
grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and
prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your
grace;

Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;

And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,

Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now
seal it;

And with that blood, will make them one day
groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with
him!

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his
son,

Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most;

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear
me,

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and
counsels,

Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make
friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye. All good
people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye, the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is
sad,

Speak how I fell. — I have done; and God
forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Train.

1. *Gen.* O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2. *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1. *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

2. *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
quire

A strong faith to conceal it.

1. *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2. *Gen.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Catharine?

1. *Gen.* Yes, but it held not:

For when the king once heard it, out of anger

He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. *Gen.* I think, you have hit the mark: But
is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The
cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord, — The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, rid-
den, and furnished. They were young, and hand-
some; and of the best breed in the north. When
they were ready to set out for London, a man of
my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power,

took 'em from me; with this reason, — His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;

He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain,

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his
brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him
one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know him-
self else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his mar-
riage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course
pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true,

These news are every where; every tongue
speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end, —
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe
in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him: —

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Norfolk opens a folding-door. The king is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences

Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,

Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold;

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha? —

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome,
come, [To Campeius]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it: — My good lord, have great
care

I be not found a talker.

[To Wolsey.]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [To Norf. and Suf.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his
place:

Aside.

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Nor. and Suf.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your high-
ness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid
him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The court of Rome commanding.) — you, my
lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their
servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come: — Where's
Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd
her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and
my favour

To him that does best; God forbid else. Car-
dinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secre-
tary;

I find him a fit fellow.

[Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and
favour to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd
me. [Aside.]

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor
Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd
him;

And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd
him,

That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!

That's christian care enough: for living murmu-
rers,

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;

For he would needs be virtuous: That good
fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;

I will have none so near else. Learn this,
brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness: —

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd — O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science —

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither; — Here's the
 pang that pinches:
 His highness having liv'd so long with her;
 and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing; — O now, after
 So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
 To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this pro-
 cess,

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be tem-
 poral,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas. poor lady!
 She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best hving.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would
you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which
gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth, —

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth, — You would
not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off
a little;

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Caranrvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't
worth, to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistrefs' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady.
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers,
and wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,

The king hath of you. — I have perus'd her well;

[*Aside.*

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows
yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle? — I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Cham.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt two early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd
up,

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,
no.

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: — Have you heard
it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could

O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honours train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutchess; — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence; Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is
read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read.
And on all sides the authority allow'd;

You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so: — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, etc.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Catharine queen of England, etc.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Cath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore: if not; i'the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,

(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers;
 men

Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: It shall be therefore boot-
 less,

That longer you desire the court; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;
 And that, without delay, their arguments

Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Cath. Lord cardinal, —
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Cath. Sir.

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Cath. I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench! — Therefore, I say
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do
me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge
me,

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,

And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q Cath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
mounted,

Where powers are your retainers: and your words,

Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam. you are call'd back.

Q. Cath. What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way:

When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord
help,

They vex me past my patience! — pray you,
pass on:

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

*[Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other
Attendants.]*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, —
Obeying in commanding. — and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens: — She is noble
born;

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloos'd: although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
I lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, — but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, — spake one the least word, that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,

Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd;
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: — on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to't, —

I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; —
give heed to't: —

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambas-
sador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I the progress of this busi-
ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had

Commanded nature. that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should
not

Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. — First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say

How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: — Unsolicited

I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Catharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

King. I may perceive, [*Asue.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Cath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave
working.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Cath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great
cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Cath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Cath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from
favour?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men; their affairs as right-
eous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Cath. Your graces find me here part of a
housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Cath. Speak it here,

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,

Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy

Above a number,) if my actions

Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,

I know my life so even: If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina
serenissima, —*

Q. Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin;

I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistrefs' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord car-
dinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should brèd,
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him. (which was too far,) —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service, and his counsel.

Q. Cath. To betray me.

[*Aside.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove
so!)

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
 Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
 these fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Cath. In England,
 But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
 pleasure,

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Cath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause;
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Cath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
 my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us,

Q. Cath.

Q. Cath. The more shame for ye; holy men I
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Cath. Ye turn me into nothing; Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Cath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends,) — a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus reward'd? 'tis not well, lords.

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
 Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

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(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
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 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
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If you be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
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A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
 aim at.

Q. Cath. My lord, I dare not make myself so
 guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Cath. 'Would I had never trod this English
 earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
 hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living. —
 Alas! poor wenches, where are now your for-
 tunes? [To her women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope: no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me: — Like the lilly,
 That at once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know, our ends are
 honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good
 lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself. ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this car-
 riage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-
 vants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
 your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
 loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Cath. Do what ye will, my lords: And,
 pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his majesty:
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
 fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the
 Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal

F f 2

Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him; or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscar-
ried,

And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sar. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord;

For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius

Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
 Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you,
 The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
 When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
 Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
 Her coronation. Catharine no more
 Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager
 And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
 In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
 For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal —

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
 Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
 He did it with a serious mind; a heed
 Was in his countenance: You, he bade
 Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. — [Exit *Crom.*
It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage. — Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens! — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The marchioness of Pem-
broke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! —
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes. — What though I know her
virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and Lovel.

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumu-
lated

To his own portion! and what expence by the
 hour
 Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of
 thrift,
 Does he rake this together! — Now, my lords;
 Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
 Stood here observing him: Some strange commo-
 tion
 Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
 Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
 His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
 We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
 There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
 There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It is heaven's will;
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To blefs your eye withal.

King. If we did think
 His contemplation were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
 Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
 His serious considering.

*(He takes his seat; and whispers Lovel, who
 goes to Wolsey.)*

Wol. Heaven forgive me! —
Ever God blefs your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my breth'ren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd
you:

He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
 If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,
 If you are bound to us, - or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal
 graces.

Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than
 could

My studied purposes requit; which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours: — my endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires,
 Yet, fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
 Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person, and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
 My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;
 A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated: the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
 more

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will
 be.

Though all the world should crack their duty to
you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them,
and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken: —
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this;

[Giving him papers.]

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey:
the Nobles throng after him, whispering and
smiling.]*

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: — 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
dom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — To the
Pope?

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who
- commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
 carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to
do it.

(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave
me:

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. I must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st
feel

My sword i'the life-blood of thee else. — My
lords,

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head.
Have at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To sovereign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue;
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
is, —

Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *praemunire*, —
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: — This is my
charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your medi-
tations

How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear
me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely

His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left
me,

Weary,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire
 to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd
 me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these
 shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that
 right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Vol. V.

G g

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God blefs him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is
chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his
bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
'em!

What more?

Crom. That Craumer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him

What, and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Crom-
well,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well;

And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught
thee,

Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of
glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour, —

Found thee a way, out of his wreck; to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not:

Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy coun-
try's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-
well,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. *Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gen.* You are well met once again.

2. *Gen.* So are you.

1. *Gen.* You come to take your stand here,
and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2. *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

2. *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,

I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;

As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward

In celebration of this day with shews,

Pageants, and sights of honour.

1. *Gen.* Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2. *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

1. *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list

Of those, that claim their offices this day,

By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2. *Gen.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1. *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for not appearance, and

The king's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2. *Gen.* Alas, good lady! — [Trumpets.

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter

1. Two judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing. [Musick.
4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2. *Gen.* A royal train, believe me. — These
I know; —

Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1. *Gen.* Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2. *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should
be

The duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2. *Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1. *Gen.* Yes.

2. *Gen.* Heaven blefs thee!

[*Looking on the queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that
lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *Gen.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.

2. *Gen.* Those men are happy; and so are all,
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gen.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. *Gen.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of
trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been
broiling?

3. *Gen.* Among the croud i' the abbey; where
a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. Gen. You saw The ceremony?

3. *Gen.* That I did.

1. *Gen.* How was it?

3. *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2. *Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3. Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
joy

I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man
living

Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were
woven

So strangely in one piece.

2. *Gen.* But, what follow'd?

3. Gen. At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:

When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen;

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,

Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gen.* Sir,

You must no more call it York place, that's past:

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;

'Tis now the king's, and call'd — Whitehall.

3. *Gen.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2. *Gen.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3. *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)

The other, London.

2. *Gen.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gen.* All the land knows that:

However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell; a man in much esteem

With the king, and truly a worthy friend.

The king has made him master o' the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter CATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?

Cath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair; —
So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
me,

That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he
dy'd:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
 For after the stout earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
 Leicester,
 Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words, — *O father*
abbot,

*An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 Give him a little earth for charity!*
 So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
 on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
 him,

And yet with charity, — He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
 His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
 He would say untruths; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave

The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brasse; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness

To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,

Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with
him! —

Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Grif-
fith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit
down quiet,
For fear we wake her; — Softly, gentle Pa-
tience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye
all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness

To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

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Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
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Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye
all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Cath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Cath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she
looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace, —

Cath. You are a sawcy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted great-
ness,

To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly: There is
staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH, and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray
you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me

Sends you his princely commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes
too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd
me;

But now I am past all comforts here, but
prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom! — Patience, is that letter,

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[giving it to *CATH.*]

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young
daughter: —

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her! —

Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor
petition

's, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
them.

The last is, for my men; — they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me; —
That they may have their wages duly paid
them,

And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer
life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: — And, good
my lord,

By

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember
me

In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest
him,

For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. —
Farewel,

My lord. — Griffith, farewel. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women. — When I am dead
good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet
like

A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
I can no more. — [*Exeunt, leading CATHARINE.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — God hour of night, sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at
primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belong's to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that
walk

(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wi'der nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Tho-
mas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir, —
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Crom-
well, —

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The arch-
bishop

Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they
moved,

Have broken with the king; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
 And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
 To-morrow morning to the council-board
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your
 servant. [*Exeunt GAR. and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the
 Duke of SUFFOLK.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little. Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. —
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your
 highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her suf-
 ferance made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
 With gentle travail, to the gladding of
 Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
 Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
 The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;

For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. — [*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter Sir Anthony DENNY.

Well sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop,

As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop
spake;

I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seemeth to stay.*
Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.

What! — [*Exeunt LOVELL, and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful: — Wherefore frowns he
thus?

'This his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,

To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard
you

Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty:

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person: which I weigh
not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?

Your enemies

Are many, and not small; their
practices

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been
done.

You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witnesses, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way
to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them. — Look, the good
man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. — He has strangled
His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [within.] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I
bring

Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks

I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;

And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever blest her! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [Exit King.

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll
have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it his hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, etc. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?
— Hoa?

Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be
call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice,)

To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had
thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. —

in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your
pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council-table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very
sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we are all men,
In our own natures frail, incapable;
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach
us,

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gen-
tle;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neigh-
bours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the pro-
gress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of
more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you;
From hence you be committed to the Tower;

Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I
thank you,

You are always my good friend; if you will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss dis-
covers,
To men that understand you, words and weak-
ness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their
fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord, — It stands
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye
all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour: and, to strengthen
That holy duty, our of dear respect
His royal self in judgment comes to hears
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commen-
dations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win
me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
Good man, [*to Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me
see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace, —

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
 I had thought, I had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my com-
 mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity.
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords. — My lord of
 Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
 tism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
 glory

In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King.

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old dutchess
of Norfolk,

And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy
true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canter-*
bury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever. —

Come lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude
slaves leave your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the
larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you
rogue: Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are

but switches to them. — I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)

To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow them down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dogdays now reign in's nose; all that stand

about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these

Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, und suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy
knaves;

And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the puffs, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two
months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camlet, get up o'the rail; I'll
pick you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The same.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchionefs of DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop halts, and Garter ſpeaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty prince of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and
the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray; —
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. —

[The King kisses the child,

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect
thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,

For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
truth.

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
her.

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall
bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows
with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety.
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: — Our children's
children

Shall see this, and blefs heaven.

King Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
land,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker. —

I thank ye all, — To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good breth'ren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords; —

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis
clear,

They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — *that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we shew'd them: If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.



C O R I O L A N U S.

the
men
year
land
of
of

•• THIS play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch. POPE.

Persons Represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius,)
Cominius,) *Generals against the Volscians.*

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus,)
Junius Brutus,) *Tribunes of the People.*

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians,*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Aediles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to
Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories
of the Volscians and Antiates.*

C O R I O L A N U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. Cit. **B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

1. Cit. You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. Cit. First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1. Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. Cit. One word, good citizens.

1. Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1. Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1. *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1. *Cit.* Care for us! — True, indeed! — They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale it a little more.

1. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: —
That only like a gulf I did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other in-
struments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd, —

1. *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that

They

They are not such as you.

1. Cit. Your belly's answer: What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they —

Men. What then? —

'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then?
what then?

1. Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be re-
strain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body, —

Men. Well, what then?

1. Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.

True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,

That I receive the general food at first,

Which you do live upon: and fit it is;

Because I am the store-house, and the shop

Of the whole body: But if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, — to the seat o' the
brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,

From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live: And though that all at once,

You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark
me, —

1. Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Vol. V.

K k

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1. *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. — What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1. *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage,
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale. — Hail, noble
Marcius!

Enter Caius MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee,
will flatter

Beneath abhorring. — What would you have,
you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights
you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues
him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the
matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? — What's their
seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions,
and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs; —

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
eat;

That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only: — With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 's death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes

For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity: — See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and Sicinius VELUTUS.*

1. *Sen.* Marcins, 'tis true, that you have lately
told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't,

I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make

Only my wars with him: he is a lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the
other,

Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

I. Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where,
I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on: —

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1. Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone,
[*To the Cit.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats
thither,

To gnaw their garners: — Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN.*
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people, —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the
gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is
grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Exeunt.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
 What ever hath been thought on in this state,
 That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
 Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,

Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think,

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [reads,
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation.
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. *Sen.* Farewel.

2. *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding: I, — considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, — was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, — I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons, — each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, — I had rather had eleven

die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methink's, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus, —
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending. — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall eurag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it.

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: — The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would: Fare you well then. — Come, good sweet lady. — Pry'thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, Titus LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: — A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

I. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[Alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our
walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Lad-
ders, ho!

The Volces enter, and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their
city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and
fight

With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come,
on my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and Exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.
Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on
you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and
hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their
wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another Alarum. The Volcians and Romans re-
enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volcians
retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them
to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: — Now prove good
seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

1. *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2. *Sol.* Nor I.

3. *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd — to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left,
Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the
enemy.*

1. Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[Alarum continues still afar off.]

*Enter MARCIUS, and Titus LARTIUS, with
a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize
their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,

Irons

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: — Down
with them. —

And hark, what noise the general makes! — To
him: —

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddless, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! — [*Exit Marc.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought:
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
count'ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long
is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from
a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Man. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! — Tribunes for
them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did
budge

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think —

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought, And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius, Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates, Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, By all the battles wherein we have fought, By the blood we have shed together, by the vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates: And that you not delay the present; but, Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts, We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath, And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking; take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they That most are willing: — If any such be here, (As it were sin to doubt.) that love this painting Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear Lesser his person than an ill report; If any think, brave death outweighs bad life, And that his country's dearer than himself; Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,

Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to express his
disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other
fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going
with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and
Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, a party of
soldiers, and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your
duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dis-
patch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us. —
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct
 us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*A field of battle between the Roman and Volcian
 Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do
 hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor

More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
 And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
 Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
 And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my
 blood,

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
 Wiench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
 That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
 Thou should'st not scape me here. —

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the
 aid of Aufidius.*]

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
 In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*]

CORIO LANUS.

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S C E N E IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend. and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine
honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, — *We thank the
gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier! —
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter Titus LARTIUS, with his power, from the
pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more; my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. *I have
done,*
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:

He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech
you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear
me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart
To bear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the
horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,)
of all

The treasure, in this field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice,

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword, I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus!
Marcus! cast up their caps and lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS, stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
 be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel
 grows soft
 As the parasite's silk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch, — which, with-
 out note,
 Here's many else have done, — you shout me
 forth

In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;

More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put
 you

(Like one that means his proper harm) in
 manacles,

Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be
 it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give
 him,

With all his trim belonging; and, from this
 time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus. —

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you: —

I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that
now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours. — What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot: —

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exeunt

S C E N E X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1. *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition? —

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. — Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou
beat me;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat. — By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some
way;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1. *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to
the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that
must
Be hostages for Rome.

1. *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
(Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.
1. *Sol.* I shall, sir.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have
news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry ple-
beians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the righthand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *als* in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your hisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamberpot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, and a crowd of people.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:
— Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night:
— A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: — Brings 'a victory in his pocket? — The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, — they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go: — Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true: — Where is he wounded? — God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home:

home: he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh, — there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and Titus LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus: —

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother, —

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

Vol. V.

M m

For my prosperity.

[Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come cof-
fin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? — O my sweet lady,
pardon. [To Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn: — O wel-
come home;

And welcome, general; — And you are wel-
come all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could
weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy:
Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee! — You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith
of men,

We have some old crab-trees herè at home, that
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, war-
riors:

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours: —

[to his wife and mother.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited;
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
 But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy: only
 There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
 but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
 I had rather be their servant in my way,
 Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[Exeunt in state, as before. The tribunes
come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
 sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your pratling nurse
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks,
 windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pothor,
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
 Were sily crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

M m s

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours;
which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to
him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good
wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their
provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not
want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep.) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the
blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and
shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here:
How many stand for consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of
every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men
that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved
them; and there be many that they have loved,
they know not wherefore: so that, if they love
they know not why, they hate upon no better a
ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care
whether they love, or hate him, manifests the
true knowledge he has in their disposition; and,
out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly
see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their
love, or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing
them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their
hate with greater devotion than they can render
it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully
discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to
affect the malice and displeasure of the people,
is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country:
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees
as those, who, having been supple and courteous
to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed
to heave them at all into their estimation and
report; but he hath so planted his honours in

their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore,
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1. *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us
think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the
people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow. —
Worthy Cominius, speak. — Nay, keep your
place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1. *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your
people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit *Cor.*

Men. Masters o' the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you
now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it? — Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Corio-
lanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the hayer: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him
fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prefs'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his
meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this
last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
stamp)

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the
 honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;

And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;

Let him be call'd for.

1. *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
 please you,
 That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 Must have their voices; neither will they bate
 One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: —
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well
 Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, — Thus I did, and
 thus; —
 Shew them the unaking scars which I should
 hide,
 As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
 Of their breath only: —

Men. Do not stand upon't. —
 We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
 Our purpose to them; — and to our noble
 consul
 Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
 [Flourish. Then Exeunt Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
 people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will
 require them,
 As if he did condemn what he requested
 Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the
 honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;

And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;

Let him be call'd for.

1. *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us — the many-headed multitude.

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your tricks: — You may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt.]*

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known

The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say? —

I pray, sir, — Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace: — Look, sir; — my wounds; —

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire
them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray
you,

In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,

And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes
a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1. *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2. *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1. *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir; 'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1. *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any
thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the
consulship?

1. *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew
you,

Which shall be yours in private. — Your good
voice, sir;

What say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir: — There's in all two worthy voices begg'd: —

I have your alms; adieu.

1. Cit. But this is something odd.

2. Cit. An 'twere to give again, — But 'tis no matter, [Exeunt two Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1. Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your aenigma?

1. Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[Exeunt.

Cor. Most sweet voices! —

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear,
Their needfuls vouches? Custom calls me to't: —
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer. — Rather than fool it

so,

Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. — I am half
through;

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices. —

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices,
have

Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the
people!

All. Amen, amen. — God save thee, noble consul!
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
tribunes

Endue

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:

The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt COR. and MEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his coun-
try.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*]

3. *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could
shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was, — *I thank you for your voices*, — *thank*
you, —

Your most sweet voices: — *now you have left your*
voices,

I have no further with you: — Was not this
mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, — When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination: from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have beld him to;
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
 Which easily endures not article
 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves; and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
 bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to
 cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
 On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues?

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him
 yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:
 I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends
 to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
 friends, —

They have chose a consul, that will from them
 take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
 And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
 Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed;

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your
minds

Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the
grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs
of.

The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,

That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

The same. A Street.

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did
curse

Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword:

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his for-
tunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home.
[To Lartius.

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise
them;

For they do plank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the
common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1. *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd? —

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility: —
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon
clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must enquire your
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd: — Set on. — This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsly
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1. *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler
friends,

I crave their pardons: —

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1. *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,

We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,

Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain! —

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not
spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
trate;

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,

Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, — on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know,
the corn

Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: — *We did request it;*

*We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands: — Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break
ope*

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. —

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure. .

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship, —
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
wisdom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-
lows,

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
you, —

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physick
That's sure of death without it, — at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall an-
swer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee! —
What should the people do with these bald tri-
bunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails

To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The aediles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in
whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Aediles, and a rabble
of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, aediles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*

2. Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all hustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens! — what ho! —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of
breath;

Confusion's near; I cannot speak: — You, tribunes

To the people, — Coriolanus, patience: —
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; — Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune: — Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1. *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it: — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Aediles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Aedi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent: — Lay hands upon
him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me.

Men. Down with that sword; — Tribunes,
withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Aediles, and
the people, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
away,
All will be naught else.

2. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1. Sen. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they
are

Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they
are not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,) —

Men. Begone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. — Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little; this must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1. *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death. [A noise within.]

Here's goodly work!

2. *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! — What,
the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1. Cit. He shall we know,
The noble tribunes are the people's muoths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't. [*Several speak together.*]

Men. Sir, —

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should
but hunt

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak: —

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults: —

Sic. Consul! — what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,

Were

Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his coun-
try:

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his
country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was; —

Bru. We'll hear no more: —
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftnefs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by pro-
cess;

Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Vol. V,

O o

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have ye not had a taste of his obedience?

Our aediles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this; — He has been bred i'
the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. Sen. Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer: —
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place: — We'll attend
you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you: —

Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*]
He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1. Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; pre-
sent me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1. *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them woollen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder
 When one but of my ordinance stood up
 To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[*To Vol.*

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have
 me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
 are,

With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
 The thwartings of your dispositions, if
 You had not shew'd them how you were dis-
 pos'd

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
 something too rough;

O o 2

You must return, and mend it.

1. *Sen.* There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd;

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour
on,

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? — I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you
say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell
me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best
ends,

You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. —

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
them,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men Noble lady! —

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to
them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,

In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
yours:

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,

Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will: —

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce?
Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind
it,

And throw it against the wind. — To the market-
place: —

You have put me now to such a part, which
never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take
up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me;

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-
lov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do

I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly: — Pray you, let
us go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. —

Enter an Aedile.

What, will he come?

Aed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Aed. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,

Set down by the poll?

Aed. I have: 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Aed. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Aed. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Aed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. --

[*Exit Aedile.*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which
looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sena-
tors, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece

Will bear the knave by the volume. — The
 honour'd gods
 Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among
 us!
 Throng our large temples with the shews of
 peace,
 And not our streets with war!

1. *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Aedile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Aed. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
 I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
 present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
 Allow their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
 The warlike service he has done, consider;
 Think upon the wounds his body bears,
 Which shew like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move
 laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
 That when he speaks not like a citizen,
 You find him like a soldier: Do not take
 His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
 But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the
people!

Call me their traitor! — Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome, —

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you, —

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him
away:

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends; —

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing,

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,

And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
'To banish your defenders; till at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,*
Senators, and Patricians.]

Acd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come: —

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! — Come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell;
— the beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremities were the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
Droop not; adieu: — Farewel, my wife! my
mother!

I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime
general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. — My mother, you wot
well,

My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with
thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of
us,

And we of thee; so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well: —

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one

That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate. —
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear. — Come, let's not weep. —
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand: —
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Aedile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll
 no further. —

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
 In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
 Let us seem humbler after it is done,
 Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
 Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
 Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Aedile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Brn. Why?

Sic.

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Val. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague
o'the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear —

Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be
gone? [to Brutus.]

Vir. You shall stay too: [to Sicin.] I would,
I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame? — Note but
this fool. —

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
words:

And for Rome's good. — I'll tell thee what; —
Yet go: —

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: — I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknot himself
The noble knot he made.

Vol. V.

P p

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. —

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's
go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me
not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,

Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and ex-
ercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissention of a doit, break out,

To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me: —

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. — I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [Exit.

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house! The feast smells well:
but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3. *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'the house; Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. *[pushes him away.]*

3. *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall.

[Exit.]

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows? — What an ass it is! — Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher,
hence! *[beats him away.]*

Enter AUFIDIUS, and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, *[unmuffling.]*

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? *[Servants retire.]*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not: — Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witnests may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witnests of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name
remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more for-
tunes

Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and
say,

'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius. — Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
 thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
 Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
 have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission; and set down.—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness, — thine
 own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most
 welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2. *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have
 stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
 gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1. *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me
 about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
 set up a top.

2. *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
 something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face,
 methought, -- I cannot tell how to term it.

1. *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were, --
 'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was
 more in him than I could think.

2. *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply
 the rarest man i' the world.

1. *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier
 than he, you wot one.

2. *Serv.* Who? my master?

1. *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1. *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him
 to be the greater soldier.

2. *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how
 to say that: for the defence of a town, our gene-
 ral is excellent.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3. *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news,
 you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? lets partake.

5. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3. *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been canibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1. *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'p.

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which

friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1. *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3. *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1. *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2. *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. — They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends

Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. — Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much mis'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth
stand;

And so would do, where he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much
better, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his
wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1. *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Criving, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent.

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Aedile.

Aed. Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, — the Volces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war

Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for
Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. — It cannot be,

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are
going
All to the senate house: some news is come
in,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave; —

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his
raising!

Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes.

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome;

And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may
wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses; —

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement;
and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news? —
You have made fair work, I fear me: — Pray,
your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians, —

Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made my some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so
much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your
ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow
fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people

Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
 Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
 they
 Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him
 even
 As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
 And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
 That should consume it, I have not the face
 To say, '*Beseech you, cease.* — You have made
 fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
 A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
 So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
 like beasts,
 And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
 clusters,
 Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
 They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
 The second name of men, obeys his points
 As if he were his officer: — Desperation
 Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
 That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters. —
 And is Aufidius with him? — You are they
 That made the air unwholesome, when you
 cast
 Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at

Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many Cox-
combs.

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! — Shall us to
the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[*Exeunt* COMIN. and MENEN.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd ;

These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go
home,

And shew no sign of fear.

1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2. Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol: — 'Would, half
my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in
him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more prouder.
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a
 merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one
 nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths,
 do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
 thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
 mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and
Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath
 said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd
 him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to
pardon

When it was less expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt

Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse
your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distrefs. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then? —
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts
me.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have
stuff'd

These pipes, and these conveyances of our
blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls

Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have
knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would
do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would
not,

Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So, that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife;

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. G. Stay: Whence are you?

2. G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1. G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1. G. You may not pass, you must return:
our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2. G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Me-
nenius.

1. G. Be it so; go 'back: the virtue of your
name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2. *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood; — back, — that's the utmost of your having: — back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure

thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. — Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd
thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak. — This man, Aufidius,

Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st —

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

1. *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2. *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1. *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2. *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think

there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

1. *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host. — My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love, I have (Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?
[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young Marcius, VALEBIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
mold

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. —

What is that curi'sy worth? or those dove's
eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and
am not

Of stronger earth than others. — My mother
bows;

As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*. — Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,

Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.* — O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You gods! I
prate,

And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while [kneels.
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Vol. V.

R r

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my
self,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn, to grant, may
never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks: — Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any
thing;

For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame

May hang upon your hardnefs: therefore hear
us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for
we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private. — Your
request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment,

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self,

How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy
victory,

Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must
lose

The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;

And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade
thee

Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have ſat too long. *[riſing.]*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our request did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might con-
demn us,

As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhew'd*; the Ro-
mans,

This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſt*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt great
ſon,

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,

That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ, — *The man was*
noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me,
son:

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the
air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak
you:

He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou,
boy;

Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in
the world

More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me
prate,

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy
life

Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second
brood,

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's un-
just,

And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
 This is the last; — So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold
 us:

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellow-
 ship,

Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. — Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance: — Yet give us our dis-
 patch:

I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do
 ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:
 But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come: —
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Au-
 fidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me: For my
 part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
 you,

Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and
 honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, etc.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like condition, will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you: all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond'
 corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:

The plebéians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news; — The ladies
have prevail'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it most
certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown
tide,
As the recomforted through the gates, Why,
hark you;
[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and
drums beaten, all together. Shouting
also within.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[Shouting again.

Men. This is good news:
 I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-
 day;
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they
 joy! [*Shouting and musick.*]

Sic. First, the gods blefs you for your tidings:
 next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give
 great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy.
 [*going.*]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Pa-
 tricians, and People. They pass over the
 stage.*

1. *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
 them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
 Cry, — Welcome, ladies, welcome! —

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Antium. *A publick Place.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1. *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms im-poison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2. *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain,
whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of
either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so
heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dewes of flat-
tery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him
way

In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his design-
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we
look'd

For no less spoil, than glory, —

Auf.

Auf. There was it; —
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts
of the people.]*

1. *Con.* Your native down you enter'd like a
post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he exprefs himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Vol. V.

S s

Lords. We have.

1. Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us,
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a
crow'd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made
peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here de-
liver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But fell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! — How now? —

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou
think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
name

Coriolanus in Corioli? —

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of
tears, —

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O
slave! —

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own
notion

(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him;
that

Must bear my beating to his grave;) shall
join

To thrust the lie unto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and
lads,

Stain all your edges on me. — Boy! False
hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. — Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind for-
tune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-
gart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't.

[several speaking at once.]

Cit. *[speaking promiscuously.]* Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He kill'd my son; — my daughter;
— He kill'd my cousin Marcus; — He kill'd my
father. —

2. *Lord.* Peace, ho; — no outrage; —
peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to
us

Shall have judicious hearing. — Stand, Au-
fidius,

And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. *Lord.* O Tullus, —

2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him. — Masters all,
be quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in
this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re-
joice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him
up: —
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be
one. —

